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THE EMERSON SOCIETY QUARTERLY

NUMBER 7 II QUARTER 1957

HENRY DAVID THOREAU
1817-1862

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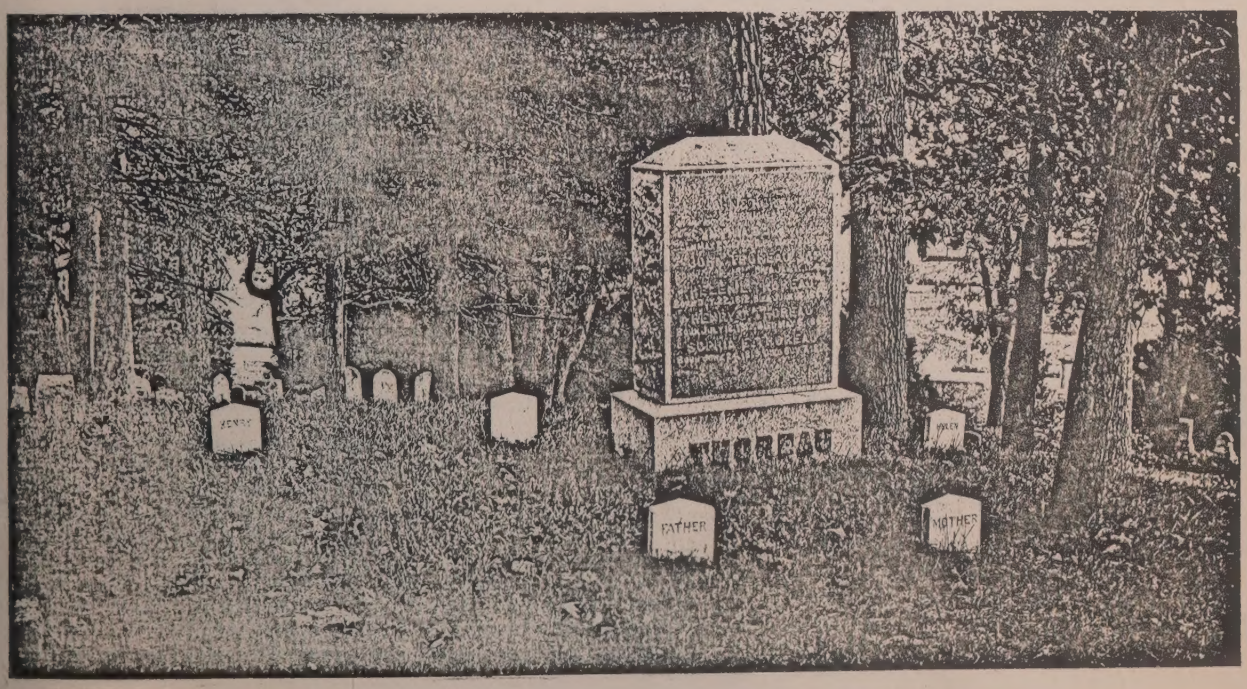
SEE PAGE 54.

PUBLISHED FOUR TIMES A YEAR BY THE EMERSON SOCIETY, BOX 1080 HARTFORD 1, CONNECTICUT, AND EDITED FOR THE SOCIETY BY KENNETH WALTER CAMERON. ANNUAL MEMBERSHIP $2.00



The Solitary Thoreau *of the Alumni Notes*

By the Editor

On or about May 20, 1837, as graduation approached, Thoreau and his classmates received a letter from the Class Secretary, Henry Williams, Jr., announcing the scheduling of the Class-Day exercises for July 18. [See Appendix A.] On June 25, he presented a farewell gift to his classmate, William Allen——a first edition of Nature, with a brief comment on Emerson's "prose poem." [B] Then, on or about July 10, Thoreau inscribed his famous farewell to Harvard in the manuscript Class Book [C]:

I am of French extract, my ancestors having taken refuge in the isle of Jersey, on the revocation of the edict of Nantes, by Lewis 14th in the year 1685. My grandfather came to this country about the year —73, "sans souci sans sous," in season to take an active part in the Revolution, as a sailor before the mast.

I first saw the light in the quiet village of Concord, of Revolutionary memory, July 12th 1817.

I shall ever pride myself upon the place of my birth—— May she never have cause to be ashamed of her sons. If I forget thee, O Concord, let my right hand forget her cunning. Thy name shall be my passport in foreign lands. To whatever quarter of the world I may wander, I shall deem it my good fortune that I hail from Concord North Bridge.

At the age of sixteen I turned my steps towards these venerable halls, bearing in mind, as I have ever since done, that I had two ears and but one tongue. I came—I saw—I conquered—but at the hardest, another such victory and I had been undone. "One branch more," to use Mr. Quincy's own words, "and you had been turned by entirely. You have barely got in." However "A man's a man for a' that," I was in, and didn't stop to ask how I got there.

I see but two alternatives, a page or a volume. Spare me, and be thou spared, the latter.

Suffice it to say, that though bodily I have been a member of Harvard University, heart and soul I have been far away among the scenes of my boyhood. Those hours that should have been devoted to study, have been spent in scouring the woods, and exploring the lakes and streams of my native village. Oft could I sing with the poet,

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Higlands a-chasing the deer;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

The occasional day-dream is a bright spot in the student's history, a cloud by day, a pillar of fire by night, shedding a grateful lustre over long years of toil, and cheering him onward to the end of his pilgrimage. Immured within the dank but classic walls of a Stoughton or Hollis, his wearied and care-worn spirit yearns for the sympathy of his old, and almost forgotten friend, Nature, but failing of this is fain to have recourse to Memory's perennial fount, lest her features, her teachings, and spirit-stirring revelations, be forever lost.

Think not that my Classmates have no place in my heart——but this is too sacred a matter even for a Class Book.

"Friends! that parting tear reserve it,
Tho' 'tis doubly dear to me!
Could I think I did deserve it,
How much happier would I be."

As to my intentions——————enough for the day is the evil thereof.

On July 11, he inscribed in Charles Theodore Russell's graduation book, now in the Berg Collection of the New York Public Library,"'Long life and success to you.' Ubique." This he followed with the poem, "I love a careless streamlet" (See Collected Poems, p. 87), and with a stanza from "Little John Nobody" in Percy's Reliques (See Emerson Society Quarterly, no. 5, p. 13). He had no special part in the "Valedictory Exercises of the Senior Class of 1837" on Tuesday, July 18, but Samuel Tenney Hildreth and James Richardson, Jr., two of his close friends, did. [D] If he did not immediately set out for Concord, he attended a sumptuous dinner with his classmates that evening, enjoying mock turtle soup, turkey, oyster pies and other comestibles. He spent the senior vacation at home until Commencement. He was back in Stoughton Hall on August 27, in time to welcome John Shepard Keyes, whose report of the visit (N E Q, XIII, 32) is now familiar:

The Monday before Commencement, then the last Wednesday in August, was the appointed time. To reach Cambridge in season involved then going down Sunday night, and my arrangements to spend the nights with David Henry Thoreau, as we all called him then, had all been comfortably agreed upon.... Nothing memorable can I remember happened on that momentous ride bearing a green boy to the first of his decisive trials in real life, and I was dropped at the yard gate where Thoreau met me and took me to his room in Stoughton. I was anxious of the morrow's fate, overawed by the dull old college walls, and not a little inclined to be over-thoughtful at the sudden change it all implied. But these fancies were soon dispelled, a burst of Thoreau's classmates into his room, headed by Charles Theodore Russell, Trask[15] and others who chaffed Thoreau and his Freshman in all sorts of amusing ways, and took down some of our local pride and Concord self-conceit for which I soon found out that my host was as distinguished in college as afterwards. These roaring seniors fresh from vacation's fun and with no more college duties to worry about made a sharp contrast to a Sunday evening at home. It was seeing something of the end before even the beginning. There had been some kind of a row with the faculty and the trouble was carried into the Criminal Court and I had heard the county side of it at home and now was told the students' side by some of the actors or sympathizers and got some ideas of college discipline that varied essentially from the home notion. It was startling and novel to hear "Old Prex" and other nicknames familiarly applied to such dignitaries as Concord had almost worshipped, and I fear that the introduction wasn't of the most useful sort to just such a boy as I was.

On Commencement Day, August 30, Levi Farwell certified to the President that Thoreau had settled all his college dues and was "so far entitled to the degree of Bachelor of arts." [F] Thoreau, meanwhile, joined his classmates in signing a page of autographs. [G] Then the Commencement exercises began, with Thoreau, Henry Vose and Charles Wyatt Rice placed fourth on the program in a conference on "The Commercial Spirit of Modern Times, considered in its Influence on the Political, Moral, and Literary Character of a Nation." [H] At some point during the morning, the Class of 1837 sang, to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne" a song especially written for the occasion by John Weiss, Jr. [I] Henry Williams, Jr., Class Secretary, either then or shortly thereafter made a tabular list showing the exact age of each man on graduation day. (Thoreau was aged 20 years, 1 month, and 18 days.) [J] Henry seems immediately to have returned to Concord to begin teaching school, thereby probably missing Emerson's "The American Scholar," delivered on August 31. This is the purport of the letter James Richardson wrote to Henry from Dedham, Massachusetts, on September 7 (Emerson Society Quarterly, no. 5, p. 3):

> Friend Thoreau, — After you had finished your part in the Performances of Commencement (the tone and sentiment of which, by the way, I liked much, as being of a sound philosophy), I hardly saw you again at all. Neither at Mr. Quincy's levee, neither at any of our classmates' evening entertainments, did I find you; though for the purpose of taking a farewell, and leaving you some memento of an old chum, as well as on matters of business, I much wished to see your face once more. Of course you must be present at our October meeting, — notice of the time and place for which will be given in the newspapers. I hear that you are comfortably located, in your native town, as the guardian of its children, in the immediate vicinity, I suppose, of one of our most distinguished apostles of the future, R. W. Emerson, and situated under the ministry of our old friend Reverend Barzillai Frost, to whom please make my remembrances. I heard from you, also, that Concord Academy, lately under the care of Mr. Phineas Allen of Northfield, is now vacant of a preceptor; should Mr. Hoar find it difficult to get a scholar college-distinguished, perhaps he would take up with one, who, though in many respects a critical thinker, and a careful philosopher of language among other things, has never distinguished himself in his class as a regular attendant on college studies and rules. If so, could you do me the kindness to mention my name to him as of one intending to make teaching his profession, at least for a part of his life. If recommendations are necessary, President Quincy has offered me one, and I can easily get others.

One learns from the Memorials of the Class of 1837 of Harvard University that William Allen became a teacher in the Concord Public Schools at this time. Was he employed after Thoreau resigned because of the interference of Deacon Cyrus Stow? (There is no evidence that the once-friendly classmates engaged in any joint enterprises thereafter or even saw each other!)

Beginning on September 25 and (except for Oct. 1) continuing until the day announced, the Boston Courier carried the following Class notice on page 3 or 4, summoning the group to its first meeting since graduation:

> CLASS NOTICE. The members of the Class of '37 are hereby notified, that their first monthly meeting will take place at Fenno's, (Federal street House) on MONDAY, the 2d of October next, at 7 o'clock, P.M.
>
> HENRY WILLIAMS, Jr. Class Secretary.

These class meetings continued quarterly rather than monthly for the next few years. (Thoreau, of course, attended none!) His fellow-graduates, however, made inquiry concerning him, as the following excellent letter from James Richardson, Jr., to Henry Williams, Jr., (Harvard Archives, HUD.237.505) will testify:

Milford N H. October 24. 1837

Friend Williams,

I feel regret at the thought, that I shall not be present at our next Class meeting, for I feel it a matter of duty, as well as of pleasure, to attend, when it is in my power. I take a great interest in the fortunes of every one of my classmates, and feel anxious to see a bright prospect before each, stretching far into the dim distance of eternity. May the Doctors be men of skill and learning, for the healing of obstinate diseases; may the Lawyers bring an end to strife and wrangling; May the Divines be mirrors, brightly reflecting the rays of undying truth. And may they all unite together, in the destruction of physical, intellectual, and moral error. Do give me a list of their different locations and pursuits? I heard from Kendall recently; he is at Baltimore. But where Rice, Wilkinson, Clap, Dale, Holmes 1st, Kimball, Lane, March, Peabody, Trull, Thoreau & Seaton are, I know not. Hubbard, I find, is studying Law with his brother in Charlestown N H. Is Greenough studying Divinity at Andover? Has Tuckerman obtained a place at the South? I hope it will be a situation, that will compel him to study, for I shall wish to see him distinguished? Is Hayward in the Divinity school yet? And how is it with your own fortunes most gallant Major? have you yet obtained a comfortable berth in your native city, and are you, even now, gazing with wistful eye, among the crowds of city belles, for a consort, worthy to share your happiness and your salary? To Doctors Bacon, Davis, Bigelow, & Eustis, to Lawyers Clarke & Dana, to Tutors Wheeler Hildreth, Phelps, Russell, Weiss, & Williams 3rd, & to Merchant Adams, my memory & affections constantly turn. Years, I suppose, will have revolved, when I shall again see friend Hale, but I shall endeavor to write him before he sails. And now I will turn to self, which I hope I do not love more than many of my classmates. I am very happily situated in my school town, with more than a dozen boys about me, 6 of them larger than myself, and two of them big enough to eat me.

Wendesday [sic] afternoon Oct 25. 1837. I have just been reading aloud my scholars' compositions. Some of them, even those of the largest scholars, have hardly a word in them spelt right, Others are quite good, and one shows extremely good talents. I have just dismissed them, as I employ Alternate Wednesday afternoons, in reading compositions, and hearing Declamations; after which, the scholars are permitted to employ the rest of the afternoon as they choose. I feel very much interested in my school; there is something delightful in again refreshing one's mind at old and well known springs of knowledge, in finding the facts, observations, and reflections, which had grown old in the store house of Memory, again becoming new and useful. I am compelled to be altogether practical, for little room have I for speculation or poetry. I send one

of my boys to Harvard next year, whose sister is the prettiest and most intellectual girl in the place; I am teaching her Latin, while she gives me lessons on the Piano. The difference between prices, here and at Boston, is astonishing; for the moderate compensation of $2.00 per week, I have the best room in the house,—well furnished and carpeted, with a good fire frame, in which burns, and may always burn when I choose, a comfortable hickory fire,—board the very best in the world,—lights washing & mending,—while in Boston, I should have to pay $5.00 for board & room only. My Landlady is the widow of a Doctor Wallace, lately deceased, who was Senator from Hillsboro County; she is a young and well educated Lady, and keeps an excellent table. We have just had an auction, and sold off the Doctor's medecine, waggons, chaise, gig, horse, cows, & old furniture, and intend moving to a house just finished situated a little above the academy which has the pleasantest prospect that can be found, pleasanter even than the present house. 'The best chamber,' as the gentleman, who built it, observed 'was of course reserved for the preceptor;' from it the view is delightful, reaching far over the little village, that hums among the hills, and winding Souhegan, that murmurs over its rocky channel, to the Peterboro' mountains, and farther still, to the Grand Monadnock. The Souhegan is a beautiful stream, now fringed with the waving birch, and the evergreen mountain-laurel, now uneasily beating over a heap of rocks, that fills its rough bed, and frowns upon its current, now sweeping majestically onward, over green meadows, and rich interval lands. It is, at present, shallow, though quite wide, and I have walked across it on the rocks, but when the heavy rains come, it pours a volume of water over rocks and promontories, and every thing that obstructs its passage, sometimes carrying away mills & bridges in its course. It often rises 6 or 7 feet in a few hours, and the bridges are often covered with the spectators of the phenomenon. The woods are delightful, more varied and forest like, than those near home; and the Sabbath bells go ringing off among the pine-clad hills, till echo but returns a softened sigh. The noise of a gun among the rocks, is redoubled, and reverberated, till it sounds like the lengthened peal of thunder. The people of Milford are great musicians and singers, and are fond of having music parties; this of course is very pleasant for me. In our village are three meeting houses, Baptist Unitarian, and Orthodox; I belong to the Choir of the latter, to which, also, about 30 of the Seminary Ladies belong. We have Woolen, Organ, Stove, Clapboard & Shingle Manufactories, a Seminary, an Academy, and numerous Mills. I have an extraordinary faculty of getting acquainted with every body, and feeling at home every where, so that I feel as much at home here, as though I had been born and brought up in the town, and I believe know more about the place, and people, than most of its inhabitants. Give my respectful and affectionate remembrances to Frank and all inquiring friends

In much haste, with my best wishes for your corporeal and spiritual prosperity I am

Y'r friend & classmate

James Richardson J'r

[Pencilled note: "Voted—to have 1000 copies printed"]

On October 13, Thoreau indicated his distance from Class affairs in a letter to Henry Vose (N E Q, XIII, 28-29), in which not a word is said of William Allen:

CONCORD OCT. 13TH 37

FRIEND VOSE

You don't know how much I envy you your comfortable settlement—almost sine-cure—in the region of butternuts. How art thou pleased with the lay of the land and the look of the people? Do the rills tinkle and fume, and bubble and purl, and trickle and meander as thou expectedst or are the natives less absorbed in the pursuit of gain than the good clever homespun and respectable people of New England?

I presume that by this time you have commenced pedagogising in good earnest. Methinks I see thee, perched on learning's little stool thy jet black boots luxuriating upon a well polished fender while round thee are ranged some half dozen small specimens of humanity thirsting for an idea:

rens to mend, and hands to guide.
O, who would a schoolmaster be?

Why I to be sure. The fact is, here I have been vegetating for the last three months. "The clock sends to bed at ten, and calls me at eight." Indeed, I deem conformity one of the best arts of life. Now should you hear of any situation in your neighborhood, or indeed any other, which you think would suit me, such as your own, for instance, you will much oblige me by dropping a line on the subject or, I should rather say, by making mention of it in your answer to this.

I received a catalogue from Harvard the other day, and therein found classmate Hildreth set down as assistant in elocution, Chas Dall divinity student—Clarke and Dana law do., and C. S. W. resident graduate. How we apples swim! Can you realize that we too can moralize about college pranks, and reflect upon the pleasures of a college life, as among the things that are past? Mayst thou ever remember as a fellow soldier in the campaign of 37

Your friend and classmate

THOREAU

P.S. I have no time for apologies.

Thoreau's next reference to the Class of 1837 does not occur until July 8, 1838, when he wrote to his brother John from Concord: "Peabody walked up last Wednesday, spent the night, and took a stroll in the woods." On August 29 of that year, the Class met in Cambridge (Class Book, p. 156)—Thoreau absent—and voted that "Class meetings for the ensuing year take place on the first Mondays of October, January, April & July." Thoreau, meanwhile, drifted further away from school groups than ever. On March 11, 1842 (Journal, I, 335), he wrote:

I have been making pencils all day, and then at evening walked to see an old schoolmate who is going to help make the Welland Canal navigable for ships round Niagara. He cannot see any such motives and modes of living as I; professes not to look beyond the securing of certain "creature comforts." And so we go silently different ways, with all serenity, I in the still moonlight through the village this fair evening to write these thoughts in my journal, and he, forsooth, to mature his schemes to ends as good, maybe, but different. So are we two made, while the same stars shine quietly over us. If I or he be wrong,

Nature yet consents placidly. She bites her lip and smiles to see how her children will agree. So does the Welland Canal get built, and other conveniences, while I live. Well and good, I must confess. Fast sailing ships are hence not detained.

On March 1, 1847, Henry Williams sent Thoreau a form letter [K], which he allowed to go unanswered for seven months. The reply (in the Archives, HUD.237. 505) is famous:

Concord Sept 30th 1847

Dear Sir,

I confess that I have very little class spirit, and have almost forgotten that I ever spent four years at Cambridge. That must have been in a former state of existence. It is difficult to realize that the old routine is still kept up. However, I will undertake at last to answer your questions as well as I can in spite of a poor memory and a defect of information

1st then, I was born, they say, on the 12th of July 1817, on what is called the Virginia Road, in the east part of Concord.

2nd I was fitted, or rather made unfit, for College, at Concord Academy & elsewhere, mainly by myself, with the countenance of Phineas Allen, Preceptor.

3d I am not married.

4th I dont know whether mine is a profession or a trade, or what not. It is not yet learned, and in every instance has been practised before being studied. The mercantile part of it was begun here by myself alone.

It is not one but legion. I will give you some of the monster's heads. I am a Schoolmaster—a Private Tutor, a Surveyor— a Gardener, a Farmer a Painter, I mean a House Painter, a Carpenter, a Mason, a Day-laborer, a Pencil-maker, a glass-paper maker, a Writer, and sometimes a Poetaster. If you will act the part of Iolas, and apply a hot iron to any of these heads, I shall be greatly obliged to you.

5th My present employment is to answer such orders as may be expected from so general an advertisement as the above——that is, if I see fit, which is not always the case, for I have found out a way to live without what is commonly called employment or industry attractive or otherwise. Indeed my steadiest employment, if such it can be called, is to keep myself at the top of my condition, and ready for whatever may turn up in heaven or on earth. For the last two or three years I have lived in Concord woods alone, something more than a mile from any neighbor, in a house built entirely by myself.

6th I cannot think of a single general fact of any importance before or since graduating

Yrs &c
Henry D Thoreau

P S. I beg that the Class will not consider me an object of charity, and if any of them are in want of pecuniary assistance, and will make known their case to me, I will engage to give them some advice of more worth than money.

The exterior address reads:

Henry Williams Jr.
Boston
Mass

On March 7, 1851, [L] Thoreau was invited to attend the Class meeting scheduled for March 19 and urged that "if circumstances should compel the absence of any member, it is expected that he will contribute to the interest of the occasion by writing some account of himself since he left College." Thoreau was already at work on Walden, which he probably considered would be reply enough to his classmates and to the world, if only he could see it through the press. For the nonce, therefore, he communicated to the Class Secretary only his silence. If the records of the Class dinner on March 2, 1853, are typical, [M] the meetings were by this time rather poorly attended. At the gathering on February 24, 1859, at the Tremont House (Class Book, pp. 177-178),

> Mr. Greenough presented the subject of the College library before the meeting, stating the reasons wh. had led to the call to the Harvard Alumni for funds. He also contributed to the class archives a copy of the proceedings of a meeting of the Pi Kappa Ro held on the 5th of Sept. 1833 [sic] which will be found between the covers of the Class Book by those who are curious to examine the document. Several members of the Class are therein honorably mentioned, and quite a number of them, it will appear, were thus early called to occupy positions of trust & responsibility in that venerable society.

I have not been able to locate the pages of the "Pi Kappa Ro" meeting, whatever its date, to ascertain whether Thoreau was "honorably mentioned" in them. The records of the Harvard Archives show no trace of such a club.

On February 9, 1860, Thoreau received the following communication from Henry Williams:

BOSTON, FEBRUARY 9, 1860.

MY DEAR SIR:

At the last annual meeting of the Class of '37, a vote was passed, that the members of the Class be requested to furnish the Secretary with their photographs, to be placed in the Class Book. Several fellows, in accordance with the above vote, have already sent me their pictures, and I trust that you will feel disposed, at an early day, to follow their example. You can send to me through the Post Office, at 18 Concord Square.

Very truly yours,

Again, Thoreau did not reply. Recording the first meeting of the Class after his death—a meeting held in Boston on February 10, 1863—the Class Book (p. 180) furnishes the following:

Art. VII. — THOREAU.

1. *A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers*; 2. *Walden; or, Life in the Woods*; 3. *Excursions in Field and Forest*; 4. *The Maine Woods*; 5. *Cape Cod*. By Henry D. Thoreau. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

Upon the tablet which friendship and delicate appreciation have raised to exhibit their record of Thoreau's genius, there is still space where a classmate's pen may leave some slight impressions, without claiming either advantage or authority to do so beyond a late but ever-deepening regard. This bids the thoughts return and drop themselves for holding-ground into some recollections of his collegiate career.

He would smile to overhear that word applied to the reserve and unaptness of his college life. He was not signalized by a plentiful distribution of the parts and honors which fall to the successful student. The writer remembers that a speech which was made at a highly inflammatory meeting in Dr. Beck's recitation room, during the Christopher Dunkin Rebellion, claimed, in allusion to Dunkin's arbitrary marking, that "our offence was *rank*." It certainly was not Thoreau's offence; and many of the rest of us shared, in this respect, his blamelessness. We could sympathize with his tranquil indifference to college honors, but we did not suspect the fine genius that was developing under that impassive demeanor. Of his private tastes there is little of consequence to recall, excepting that he was devoted to the old English literature, and had a good many volumes of the poetry from Gower and Chaucer down through the era of Elizabeth. In this mine he worked with a quiet enthusiasm, diverting to it hours that should have sparkled with emulation in the divisions where other genius stood that never lived, like his, to ripen. For this was the class of C. S. Wheeler, of Hildreth, Hayward, Eustis; scholars and poets all, to whom the sky stretched a too eager diploma.

The Presk, brother Greenough, alluded to the death of Mr. Thoreau since our last Class meeting and after remarks with regard to the life and character of the deceased by several members present, it was voted that brother Weiss be requested to prepare a record commemorative of the event to be placed upon the pages of the Class-book.

Present: Greenough — G. C. Holmes
Adams — Vose
F. S. Williams — Weiss
Dale — Bacon
Clap — Haskins
Russell — Henry Williams

In March, 1864, the Class Secretary received from someone the small photograph of Henry now in the Class Book. The minutes of the meeting held in Boston on February 21, 1865, (Class Book, pp. 182-183) read in part as follows:

... The roll of the surviving members of the Class was called and the subject of procuring photographs of several gentlemen present & of many absent brothers, was urged by the Secretary. There was a very general response on the part of the meeting, and all agreed to come to the aid of the Secretary in making his collection as complete as possible. The photographs of Dr. Dale, Mr. Thoreau, Mr. Whitney, Samuel Tenney Hildreth, and of Amos Perry (at present Consul in Tunis) were presented for inspection, having been received since the last annual meeting....

Mr. Weiss in fulfilment of a vote passed in 1863, read the rough sketch of a very fitting & interesting notice of Mr. Thoreau, of which he promised, at an early day, to furnish the Secretary with a copy, for record in the Class-Book. The paper elicited much enthusiasm from those present, as it gave us a very graphic picture of some passages in our student life which none of us desire to forget....

Instead of placing a copy in the Class Book, as originally intended, Weiss published an enlargement of the sketch under the title "Thoreau" in the Christian Examiner, LXXIX, no. 1 (July, 1865), pp. 96-117. (The pencil marks in the copy here reproduced are apparently those of Henry Seidel Canby[)]:

We owe to those studies not named in the programme, the commencement of a quaint and simple style, and a flavor of old thinking, which appears through all the works of Thoreau. His earliest masters were thus the least artificial of the minds which have drawn from the well of undefiled English. And the phrase "mother-tongue" was cherished by him, and gained his early homage. He did not care for the modern languages; nor was he ever seriously attracted, by the literature which they express, to lay aside his English worthies. His mind was in native harmony with them, and it sometimes produces modern speculation in sentences and fragments of speech and turns of phrase that make you wonder if old Sir Thomas Brown, or Owen Feltham, or Norris, were lodging for awhile with him in their progress upon some transmigrating tour. We wonder if he alludes to the University when he says that he has *heard* of "a Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge." Heard of it, but not personally acquainted with it. For, though he was careful not to miss a recitation, it is plain that he was not present at it, but was already like the man he mentions, who, "in some spring of his life, saunters abroad into the Great Fields of thought, goes to grass like a horse, and leaves all his harness behind in the stable. I would say to the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, sometimes,—Go to grass." So many of us said most fervently, but not because we had attached ourselves to his shyness in order to saunter with him into the Great Fields of thought, where "a man's ignorance sometimes is not only useful, but beautiful."

But he passed for nothing, it is suspected, with most of us; for he was cold and unimpressible. The touch of his hand was moist and indifferent, as if he had taken up something when he saw your hand coming, and caught your grasp upon it. How the prominent, gray-blue eyes seemed to rove down the path, just in advance of his feet, as his grave Indian stride carried him down to University Hall! This down-looking habit was Chaucer's also, who walked as if a great deal of surmising went on between the earth and him.

> And on the ground which is my mother's gate
> I knocke with my staff early and late,
> And say to her, 'Leve mother, let me in.'"

But Chaucer's heart sent brisk blood to and fro beneath that modest look, and his poetry is more teeming with the nature of men and women than with that of the air and earth. Thoreau was nourished by its simplicity, but not fanned by its passion. He was colder, but more resolute, and would have gone to prison and starvation for the sake of his opinions, where Chaucer weakly compromised to preserve freedom and comfort. The vivid human life in the Elizabethan writers did not wake a corresponding genius in Thoreau: he seemed to be feeding only upon their raciness and Saxon vigor, upon the clearly phrased and unaffected sentiment. The rest of the leaf never bore the marks of any hunger.

He did not care for people; his classmates seemed very remote. This reverie hung always about him, and not so loosely as the old garments which the pious household care furnished. Thought had not yet awakened his countenance; it was serene, but rather dull, rather plodding. The lips were not yet firm: there was almost a look of smug satisfaction lurking round their corners. It is plain now that he was preparing to hold his future views with great setness, and personal appreciation of their importance. The nose was prominent, but its curve fell forward without firmness over the upper lip; and we remember him as looking very much like some Egyptian sculptures of faces, large-featured, but brooding, immobile, fixed in a mystic egotism. Yet his eyes were sometimes searching, as if he had dropped, or expected to find, something. It was the look of Nature's own child learning to detect her wayside secrets; and those eyes have stocked his books with subtile traits of animate and inanimate creation which had escaped less patient observers. For he saw more upon the ground than anybody suspected to be there. His eyes slipped into every tuft of meadow or beach grass, and went winding in and out of the thickest undergrowth, like some slim, silent, cunning animal. They were amphibious besides, and slid under fishes' eggs and into their nests

at the pond's bottom, to rifle all their contents. Mr. Emerson has noticed, that Thoreau could always find an Indian arrow-head in places that had been ploughed over and ransacked for years. "There is one," he would say, kicking it up with his foot. In fact, his eyes seldom left the ground, even in his most earnest conversation with you, if you can call earnest a tone and manner that was very confident, as of an opinion that had formed from granitic sediment, but also very level and unflushed with feeling. The Sphinx might have become passionate and exalted as soon.

In later years his chin and mouth grew firmer as his resolute and audacious opinions developed, the curves of the lips lost their flabbiness, the eyes twinkled with the latent humor of his criticisms of society. Still the countenance was unruffled: it seemed to lie deep, like a mountain tarn, with cool, still nature all around. There was not a line upon it expressive of ambition or discontent: the affectional emotions had never fretted at it. He went about, like a priest of Buddha who expects to arrive soon at the summit of a life of contemplation, where the divine absorbs the human. All his intellectual activity was of the spontaneous, open-air kind, which keeps the forehead smooth. His thoughts grew with all the rest of nature, and passively took their chance of summer and winter, pause and germination: no more forced than pine-cones; fragrant, but not perfumed, owing nothing to special efforts of art. His extremest and most grotesque opinion had never been under glass. It all grew like the bolls on forest-trees, and the deviations from stem-like or sweeping forms. No man was ever such a placid thinker. It was because his thinking was observation isolated from all the temptations of society, from the artificial exigencies of literature, from the conventional sequence. Its truthfulness was not logically attained, but insensibly imbibed, during wood-chopping, fishing, and scenting through the woods and fields. So that the smoothness and plumpness of a child were spread over his deepest places.

His simple life, so free from the vexations that belong to the most ordinary provision for the day, and from the wear and tear of habits helped his countenance to preserve this [illegible]. He had instincts, but no habits; and they were him no more than they do the beaver and the blue-jay. Among them we include his rare intuitive sensibility for moral truth and for the fitness of things. For, although he lived so closely to the ground, he could still say, "My desire for knowledge is intermittent; but my desire to bathe my head in atmospheres unknown to my feet is perennial and constant. The highest that we can attain to it is not knowledge, but sympathy with intelligence." But this intuition came up like grass in spring, with no effort that is traceable, or that registers itself anywhere except in the things grown. You would look in vain for the age of his thoughts upon his face.

Now, it is no wonder that he kept himself aloof from us in college: for he was already living on some Walden Pond, where he had run up a temporary shanty in the depths of his reserve. He built it better afterwards, but no nearer to men. Did anybody ever tempt him down to Snow's, with the offer of an unlimited molluscous entertainment? The naturalist was not yet enough awakened to lead him to ruin a midnight stomach for the sake of the constitution of an oyster. Who ever saw him sailing out of Willard's long entry upon that airy smack which students not intended for the pulpit launched from port-wine sangarees? We are confident that he never discovered the back-parlor aperture through which our finite thirst communicated with its spiritual source. So that his observing faculty must, after all, be charged with limitations. We say, *our* thirst, but would not be understood to include those who were destined for the ministry, as no clergyman in the embryonic state was ever known to visit Willard's. But Thoreau was always indisposed to call at the ordinary places for his spiritual refreshment; and he went farther than most persons when apparently he did not go so far. He soon discovered that all sectarian and denominational styles of thinking had their Willard within economical distance: but the respective taps did not suit his country palate. He was in his cups when he was out of doors, where

his lips fastened to the far horizon, and he tossed off the whole costly vintage that mantled in the great circumference.

But he had no animal spirits for our sport or mischief. We cannot recollect what became of him during the scenes of the Dunkin Rebellion. He must have slipped off into some "cool retreat or mossy cell." We are half inclined to suppose that the tumult startled him into some metamorphose, that corresponded to a yearning in him of some natural kind, whereby he secured a temporary evasion till peace was restored. He may also, in this interim of qualified humanity, have established an understanding with the mute cunning of nature, which appeared afterwards in his surprising recognition of the ways of squirrels, birds, and fishes. It is certainly quite as possible that man should take off his mind, and drop into the medium of animal intelligence, as that Swedenborg, Dr. Channing, and other spirits of just men made perfect, should strip off the senses and conditions of their sphere, to come dabbling about in the atmosphere of earth among men's thoughts. However this may be, Thoreau disappeared while our young absurdity held its orgies, stripping shutters from the lower windows of the buildings, dismantling recitation rooms, greeting tutors and professors with a frenzied and groundless indignation which we symbolized by kindling the spoils of sacked premises upon the steps. It probably occurred to him that fools might rush in where angels were not in the habit of going. We recollect that he declined to accompany several fools of this description, who rushed late, all in a fine condition of contempt, with Corybantic gestures, into morning prayers,—a college exercise which we are confident was never attended by the angels.

It is true he says, "Give me for my friends and neighbors wild men, not tame ones;" and a little after, in the same essay, "I rejoice that horses and steers have to be broken before they can be made the slaves of men, and that men themselves have some wild oats still left to sow before they become submissive members of society." But, in fact, there is nothing so conventional as the mischief of a boy who is grown large enough to light bonfires, and run up a bill for "special repairs," and not yet large enough to include in such a bill his own disposition to "haze" his comrades and to have his fits of anarchy. Rebellion is "but a faint symbol of the awful ferity with which good men and lovers meet."

There was no conceit of superior tendencies and exclusive tastes which prevented him from coming into closer contact with individuals. But it was not shyness alone which restrained him, nor the reticence of an extremely modest temperament. For he was complacent; his reserve was always satisfactory to himself. Something in his still latent and brooding genius was sufficiently attractive to make his wit "home-keeping;" and it very early occurred to him, that he should not better his fortunes by familiarity with other minds. This complacency, which lay quite deep over his youthful features, was the key to that defect of sympathy which led to defects of expression, and to unbalanced statements of his thought. It had all the effect of the seclusion that some men inflict upon themselves, when from conceit or disappointment they restrict the compass of their life to islands in the great expanse, and become reduced at last, after nibbling every thing within the reach of their tether, to simple rumination, and incessant returns of the same cud to the tongue. This, and not listlessness, nor indolence, nor absolute incapacity for any professional pursuit, led him to the banks of Walden Pond, where his cottage, sheltering a self-reliant and homely life, seemed like something secreted by a quite natural and inevitable constitution. You might as well quarrel with the self-sufficiency of a perfect day of Nature, which makes no effort to conciliate, as with this primitive disposition of his. The critic need not feel bound to call it a vice of temper because it nourished faults. He should, on the contrary, accept it as he sees that it secured the rare and positive characteristics which make Thoreau's books so full of new life, of charms unborrowed from the resources of society, of suggestions lent by the invisible beauty to a temperate and cleanly soul. A greater deference to his neighborhood would have impaired the peculiar genius which we ought to delight to recognize as fresh from a divine inspiration, filled with

possibilities like an untutored America, as it hints at improvement in its very defects, and is fortunately guarded by its own disability. It was perfectly satisfied with its own ungraciousness, because that was essential to its private business. Another genius might need to touch human life at many points; to feel the wholesome shocks; to draw off the subtile nourishment which the great mass generates and comprises; to take in the reward for parting with some effluence: but this would have been fatal to Thoreau. It would have cured his faults and weakened his genius. He would have gained friends within the world, and lost his friends behind it.

It is very plain, that, however much he may have suffered for want of human sympathy, and the correction of the manners of a fine circle, his complacency turned the pain to himself into opportunity for his thought. He could meditate well upon friendship; but he soon learned to do without friends. Occasionally, as in "Concord and Merrimac," pp. 273–302, he seems to be yearning for intercourse with worthy and noble mates; but he is merely describing his own ideals. These peers whom he stands ready to love, to share his integrity with them, his sense of all beautiful and manly things, to suffer their heroic criticism, and to cure them with a surgery as prompt, are only the offspring of his solitary pen. He would care less to make an effort to discover and come to an understanding with such candidates for friendship after his deliberate description of them. After the trouble of conceiving them, they would not be worth the trouble of knowing. His imagination enjoyed itself so well, that it dreaded to be interrupted, perhaps to be deceived, by people pretending to be its counterparts. They excited his jealousy, as though they had come to survey and stake out his Walden privilege, with a view to an air-line railroad through his front door. He had long ago escaped from all this bustle and obtrusion: not only tricky and conventional people, shallow neighbors, impertinent with the success of their professions and handicrafts, mere talkers and jugglers, had been left outside the wood, but his superiors also; for they could never satisfy his requisitions at a moment's notice, and they were so human as to drop away sometimes from his inexorable thought.

His Friend is simply his own meditation of an elevated, pure, and reticent behavior. He will do little and risk little to find it incorporated, and is content to keep out of the way of affectation. What is simply human never becomes any relief or luxury to him, compared with his own surmises: whenever he projects them upon the farmer, the teamster, the lock-tender, the fisherman, upon the men at cattle-show or muster, you think he has shaken hands and is pleasantly surprised to find that God has been so well employed. But it is all his own cleverness, and the men are still lay-figures. It is the enthusiasm of a reserve which men are not competent to break. So that, whenever he shows regard for humble life, it is not as life, but as unconventionality.

But is this a fault to quarrel with? It is rather a characteristic to define, and keep in its providential connection with his genius. He is not inhuman, and never indulges in contempt. Sometimes he appears to pretend that the apple is a great deal more divine than the farmer who raised it; and, if you believed his talk, the "dry wit of decayed cranberry vines" is better than a night with all the guests of the Symposium. He lacks geniality for every thing but Nature; but he truly despises nothing that is not guilty of deceit or voluntary connivance with social frauds. Will you mend his genius for Nature by forcing him to cultivate mankind? Can you afford to subject this originality to your experiments? And is it so plenty in every township that you can declare you will have none of it, unless it is willing to accommodate your style? Agassiz, instead of observing and chronicling, might as well fly into a passion with the innocent shortcomings of his natural creatures.

And notice, too, that if Thoreau cannot quote with a personality of feeling, like Theodore Parker's, the famous *nihil humani a me alienum*, the very complacency of his severe ideal saves him from conceding too much out of sympathy with human weakness. He came to destroy customs of living, not

to fulfil them: at least, he is willing to make a personal example of the possibility of living without compliances that are more costly to the conscience than to the purse. The pleasantest family circle cannot tempt him to manifest regard for the American thriftiness that is so full of pretence. And his earliest temper is shown in extreme protest against the comforts and habits of the town. He would fain convince people, that, instead of living, they are merely implicated in a life-long struggle to save their furniture, pay rent for garrets littered with cast-off conveniences, and keep a best room for no eye on earth to see, no human presence to enjoy. He will escape to some place whence he can show how living can be reduced to its minimum; not reflecting, in his first contempt for our habits of self-embarrassment, that his example bids every head of a family take to the woods, there to solve life's problem by arresting life. But New-England enterprise does not affect him; its roads do not pierce nor bridge his complacent economy. The cost of civilization, in human feeling, in wasteful processes, and in hypocrisy, piques him into pronouncing it a disease.

There is no selfishness in this; he is not avoiding trouble, but hoping not to increase the trouble that already exists in the world. He must preserve the chastity of his imagination, if he dies of starvation; and will be a little pinched and bony, with a touch of tartness, rather than be dissolute. When his friend seeks him in Concord jail, whither the tax-gatherer has taken the body of this recusant, and addresses him, "Thoreau, why are you here?" he receives for reply, "Why are you not here also?" No personal inconvenience can deter him from making a logical application of his principles. Trade, government, and civil life, seem to be extortionate processes for getting the most for your money; and he is clearly of the opinion of Publius Syrus, who anticipated Proudhon's famous maxim, "*La propriété c'est vol*," when he wrote, "*Lucrum sine damno alterius fieri non potest.*"

He once asked the writer, with that deliberation from which there seemed as little escape as from the pressure of the atmosphere, "Have you ever yet in preaching been so fortunate as to say any thing?" Tenderness for the future barrel, which was then a fine plump keg, betrayed us into declaring confidently that we had. "Then your preaching days are over. Can you bear to say it again? You can never open your mouth again for love or money."

"But certainly," he is shrewd enough to write, "there are modes by which a man may put bread into his mouth, which will not prejudice him as a companion and neighbor." The only mode, however, which he can invent, ignores companionship and neighborhood: he begins by withdrawing his bravery from temptation, and then estimates the insignificance of the cost. Once, when he felt lonesome in his Walden cottage, he doubted "if the near neighborhood of man was not essential to a serene and healthy life." But he soon recovered from this mood, which was as foreign to him as invalidism to the osprey; and the true bias and purport of his whole life is betrayed in the method of his restoration to complacency.

"In the midst of a gentle rain, while these thoughts prevailed, I was suddenly sensible of such sweet and beneficent society in Nature, in the very pattering of the drops, and in every sound and sight around my house, an infinite and unaccountable friendliness all at once like an atmosphere sustaining me, as made the fancied advantages of human neighborhood insignificant; and I have never thought of them since. Every little pine-needle expanded and swelled with sympathy, and befriended me. I was so distinctly made aware of the presence of something kindred to me, even in scenes which we are accustomed to call wild and dreary, and also that the nearest of blood to me and humanest was not a person nor a villager, that I thought no place could ever be strange to me again."

Here is a vein as old as the Scriptures which record the reveries of pure souls. The infinite presence cannot thus befriend the selfish and shirking temperament. So was Thoreau called and set apart for his fine observation of the natural world, and to reclaim its most neglected provinces for the indwelling love and beauty of the God who adopted him also in the wood. The calling of Jonathan Edwards was not more full of sweet and quiet rapture. How fortunate that

the metaphysics of river and meadow furnished Thoreau with a body of divinity to enforce the sinlessness of Nature and refute the wrath of God!

So there appears, in these five volumes of rare truthfulness of observation, and doubtless still more clearly in the extensive manuscript notes of his daily foraging of Nature, a providence, which ought to protect him from the complaint that he was not somebody else. No man ever lived who paid more ardent and unselfish attention to his business. If pure minds are sent into the world upon errands, with strict injunction not to stray by other paths, Thoreau certainly was one of these elect; and we ought to admire how the native disposition lost its faultiness in ministering to his work. The limitation protected the opportunity. A great deal of criticism is inspired by inability to perceive the function and predestined quality of the man who passes in review. It only succeeds in explaining the difference between him and the critic. Such a decided fact as a man of genius is, ought to be gratefully accepted and interpreted; and the best effort of criticism should be to show how his inspiration justifies itself against every thing but meanness and affectation. "I would not question Nature, and I would rather have him as he was, than as I would have him."

We cannot, therefore, subscribe to the regret that is expressed in the inimitable biographical sketch, introductory to the volume of "Excursions:" the writer there says, "I so much regret the loss of his rare powers of action, that I cannot help counting it a fault in him that he had no ambition. Wanting this, instead of engineering for all America, he was the captain of a huckleberry party." But what if the berries that filled his pail were of a kind never picked before, from a stock not previously discovered in our pastures, staining his hands and pages with the blood that circulates behind the earth, that puts forth, indeed, the earth itself as a berry on the tree Igdrasil. That kind of engineering tunnels the darkness which we call the visible world, and lets us through into a more lively continent than this graded and turnpiked one. Thoreau was "born for great enterprise and for command," to civilize Nature with the highest intuitions of the mind, which shew her simplicity to restless and artificial men: thus framing a treaty of amity and commerce by which new advantages for the finite are gathered from the infinite, and one system of law is extended over both spheres. His books are full of these unexpected coincidences, which reveal the regularity and beauty of creation: from a twig or a leaf, his adventurous spirit, "o'er-festooning every interval," swings across, and fastens the first rope of a bridge that shall become solid for a million feet. These hints of the divine intention, of the tolerance and impartiality that fill all animated forms with one kind spirit: this unerring scent that finds footsteps where no microscope could gather one, and refers all their stratagems to a single Presence, that barely escapes his impetuous instinct, and cannot cover up its tracks so fast as he pursues: this knowledge of the habits, graces, and shifts of all wild creatures, which humanizes them by the curious analogies it suggests, so that we adopt them into the family, and they pay their board by helping our perception of order and symmetry, as we find it in the succession of forest-trees, and in that of races, in the development of wild fruits and crabbed stocks, in the relations of fauna and flora, in the graces of spring days, till all of us, birds, men, beasts, and blossoms, seem to breathe in unison that One Intelligence, whose moment is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever, — this was the enterprise of Thoreau; and all developments of his energy, or new command gained over his gifts, would have perfected, and not changed, the nature of his employment. It was the only way he had, or ever could acquire, for serving politics, society, and the religious life.

For no writer of the present day is more religious; that is to say, no one more profoundly penetrated with the redeeming power of simple integrity, and the spiritualizing effect of a personal consciousness of God. It is in the interest of holiness that he speaks slightingly of Scripture and its holy men. "Keep your Christ," he says: "but let me have my Buddha, and leave me alone with him." He catches up this Buddha for a chance defence against the conventional Christ of Dem-

ocrats, slaveholders, sharpers in trade and in society, literal theologians, and over-pious laymen. Why should there be any difficulty in detecting the irony of such pages as p. 72 in "Concord and Merrimack"?

"I trust that some may be as near and dear to Buddha or Christ or Swedenborg, who are without the pale of their churches. It is necessary not to be Christian, to appreciate the beauty and significance of the life of Christ. I know that some will have hard thoughts of me, when they hear their Christ named beside my Buddha: yet I am sure that I am willing they should love their Christ more than my Buddha; for the love is the main thing, and I like him too. Why need Christians be still intolerant and superstitious? The simple-minded sailors were unwilling to cast overboard Jonah at his own request."

Compare them with the fine statements upon pp. 111, 116, where his good sense and moral discrimination appear. Contrasting Christianity with the Orientalists, who were "so infinitely wise, yet infinitely stagnant," he proceeds: —

"In that same Asia, but in the western part of it, appeared a youth, wholly unforetold by them, — not being absorbed into Brahma, but bringing Brahma down to earth and mankind; in whom Brahma had awaked from his long sleep, and exerted himself, and the day began, — a new orator. The Brahman had never thought to be a brother of mankind as well as a child of God."

The New Testament "never *reflects* but it *repents*. There is no poetry in it, we may say, nothing regarded in the light of pure beauty, but moral truth is its object. All mortals are convicted by its conscience."

The well-disposed reader will find a truly spiritual doctrine amid the contempt for religions on page 82: —

"A man's real faith is never contained in his creed, nor is his creed an article of his faith. The last is never adopted. This it is that permits him to smile ever, and to live even as bravely as he does. And yet he clings anxiously to his creed as to a straw, thinking that that does him good service because his sheet-anchor does not drag.

"In most men's religion, the ligature, which should be its umbilical cord connecting them with divinity, is rather like that thread which the accomplices of Cylon held in their hands when they went abroad from the temple of Minerva; the other end being attached to the statue of the goddess. But frequently, as in their case, the thread breaks, being stretched, and they are left without an asylum."

The most deferential allusion to the stock subjects of enlightened theologians is not so refreshing as some of his startling sentences that hide moral earnestness and reverence in their whim. "Where is the man who is guilty of direct and personal insolence to Him that made him? Yet there are certain current expressions of blasphemous modes of viewing things, as, frequently, when we say, 'He is doing a good business,' — more profane than cursing and swearing. There is sin and death in such words. Let not the children hear them." His most trying paradoxes are conceived in a spirit of veneration for everlasting laws. The meat is worth a little struggle with the husk: for, as he says of himself, "they will complain, too, that you are hard. O ye that would have the cocoa-nut wrong side outwards! when next I weep I will let you know."

But he will be rightly understood only by reference to his books, and not to separate pages: for his whole mental disposition was religious. He is not content to make little portable statements, after the manner of sermonizers, who discharge themselves by clauses of their weekly accumulation of awe and hope, and then are laid up, like the gymnotus, for repairs. But every page is firmly built upon moral earnestness and regard for the unseen powers. He is a spiritual writer in the sense of worshipping the presence of infinite consistency and beauty; yet he always behaves as if his religion was "nothing to speak of." He often quarrels with the technicalities of church-goers, and is more petulant than he need be, lest you should suspect him of hypocrisy. After reading the earliest English translations of Eastern scriptures, as Colebrooke's, and perhaps some fragments in the French, he recommends them to the people, because his sense of justice is hurt at the exclusive and ignorant fetichism which is paid to the Old and New Testaments. He cannot have the

notion of supplanting them; but he longs to have all men recognize the continuous inspiration of the Spirit through all climes and ages. He does not undertake to patronize the Bible, and says few good words for it; but his books are fountains of sincerity and moral sweetness, such as the Bible emphasizes, and they always worship "in spirit and in truth." The truth is very prominent; truth of private demeanor, of public ethics, of sumptuary law, of moral anticipation; truth of sky, of cloud, of forest, — the sharpest observation, the most uncompromising criticism, the very soul of honor, and of high regard for the purity that looks on God. Nothing in these books can destroy their healthy influence: the over-drawn passages of social corruption, the testy humor, the apparent irreverence, the vexatious paradoxes, the superfluous disdain, appear like tan-spots on a cheek that is all frankness and delicacy, whose bloom and smile extort forgiveness for them. We cannot, at present, recall a religious treatise that is better ventilated with the sun and air of heaven.

What an easy task it would be for a lively and not entirely scrupulous pen to ridicule his notions, and raise such a cloud of ink in the clear medium as entirely to obscure his true and noble traits. To hear, for instance, his requisition on mankind, "Give me a sentence which no intelligence can understand"! We suspect that his observations upon Conscience can be misunderstood sooner than appreciated. Find them upon pp. 78–79 of "Concord and Merrimack;" but notice that the key to tune those ragged, half-strung verses, is the quaint sentence, "Men have a singular desire to be good, without being good for any thing, because, perchance, they think vaguely that so it will be good for them in the end."

Toward the close of his life, he was visited by one of those dealers in ready-made clothing, who advertise to get any soul prepared at a moment's notice for a sudden trip. Complete outfits, including "a change," and patent fire-proof, are furnished at the very bedside, or place of embarkation, of the most shiftless spirits. "Henry, have you made your peace with God?" To which our slop-dealer received the somewhat noticeable reply, "I have never quarrelled with him." We

[illegible] business in the presence of such forethought.

A friend of the family was very anxious to know how he stood affected towards Christ, and he told her that a snow-storm was more to him than Christ. So he got rid of these cankers that came round to infest his soul's blossoming time. Readers ought not to bring a lack of religion to the dealing with his answers.

His spiritual life was not deficient in soundness because it stood unrelated to conventional names and observances. Let it be known by the fruits of integrity, high-mindedness, and purity, which cluster on the pages of these volumes: by the cold and stern yet salutary ideals of behavior in all the human relations: by his sense of dependence upon the invisible Life, and absolute surrender to its dictates.

"Walden," and "A Week on the Concord and Merrimack," are most full of direct discussions upon ethical and religious subjects: but they are in the protesting and unsympathetic vein. "Cape Cod" shows his sensibility for human moods and emotions, and sometimes surprises the reader with a wealth which he had not credited to this sturdy refuser of all ordinary taxes. The more minute and satisfactory his observation of Nature became, the more gently his spirit learned to share the yearnings in each of us "of some natural kind." How solemn and tender is the figure of the sunken anchors! — "Cape Cod" pp. 149, 150, — notwithstanding its slight rust of irony, and the homely close. And throughout this volume, wherever he comes into contact with fragments of shipwrecks, whether by the seas or fates: with peculiar isolations of life with the old, stunted, and grotesque specimens which the tide itself seems to deposit and nourish upon that long spit of sand, — his humor is just touched with tenderness "beyond the reach of art," and he betrays that the great undertow sweeps outward from his spirit also to the deep. This is the most human of all his writings. And, at the same time, his own humanity becomes identified with the scene in a way that cannot be mistaken for conceit. The beach becomes the well-trodden floor of his privacy to walk upon: the light-house

is enhamed at evening with his sympathetic thought. He pleases himself, as he lies awake underneath the lamp-chamber of the Highland light, with spinning the yarns of all seaward vessels towards a centre, which was his temporary couch; may we not say rather, his unperturbed and friendly heart?

With this gradual mellowing of his genius, there came also an increase of substance and richness to his style. Wherever "Walden" philosophizes, it is thin, and refuses to be consecutively read. The little short sentences soon fatigue, as when one tries a rail-track by stepping from sleeper to sleeper. The paragraphs have no flow: the thought is not yet informed with rhythm. The darling economy of which he writes has penetrated to the style. Proverbs enough there are: as, "None is so poor that he need sit on a pumpkin," and, "He was a lucky fox that left his tail in the trap," — meaning that it is better for a man not to encumber himself with his baggage and fixtures, and will apply to thoughts as well; "Rescue the drowning, and tie your shoe-strings," that is, make little fuss with your philanthropies; "Only that day dawns to which we are awake." There are numbers of bright little clauses, happy touches of color or wit: as, "The haze, the sun's dust of travel;" he describes lecturing against the use of tobacco "as a penalty which reformed tobacco-chewers have to pay;"—"I say, beware of all enterprises that require new clothes, and not rather a new wearer of clothes;"—"It is desirable that a man be clad so simply that he can lay his hands on himself in the dark;" when he finds that he must depend upon mankind to the extent of borrowing an axe, he pays well for it in this,—"It is difficult to begin without borrowing, but perhaps it is the most generous course thus to permit your fellow-men to have an interest in your enterprise;" he thus reduces irksome and expensive living to plain prose, "It makes but little difference whether you are committed to a farm or the county jail;" the stream of time is shallow, "I would drink deeper; fish in the sky, whose bottom is pebbly with stars;" if a man is really alive, he is not out of danger of dying, so that he need not try to shield

paper on "Autumnal Tints," if he would get a favorable position for viewing a maple-tree, he turns his head slightly, "emptying out some of its earthiness." But we become embarrassed by the plenteousness of these specimens, many of which are untransferable, as they lie in words and phrases, pollen in the bottom of his sentences.

When his pen begins to describe, the style grows genial and flowing, as if Nature's rhythm were at the desk. There is not room for specimens of his descriptions of scenery: of the morning and evening moods of Nature: of the sounds of the wind, the habits of squirrels, pigeons, foxes, muskrats, and fishes. See, for instance, Spaulding's Farm, in "Excursions," p. 207: the Red-Maple Swamp, p. 231: the night-hawk, in "Walden," p. 172; the partridge, p. 243; the ant-battle, p. 246; the loon, p. 251: the squirrels, p. 294; the wasp in October, when, says Thoreau, "I warmed myself by the still glowing embers which the summer, like a departed hunter, had left:" the subtile pages on Sounds, pp. 134, 135; the squirrels in "Concord and Merrimack," p. 206; the pigeons, p. 233; the bittern, p. 250; the wind, p. 349; the delightful humor in the picture of the soldier going to muster, p. 330. Such things cannot be surpassed. They are minute in observation, fresh in sentiment, and completely penetrated by the imagination. The reader will see in them how Thoreau's personal life held all Nature's symbolism in solution, and his thought drips with it. His mind is not merely pantheistic; say, rather, it is Nature herself, in a self-conscious mood, becoming aware of her effects.

Of all his books, "Cape Cod" has the most finished and sustained style. With the exception of some papers in "Excursions," the reader will find that here the pages bear him best, without consciousness of effort. The chapters were probably written in different years, some earlier, some later; but they make us regret that he did not visit sea-side localities more often, — for the ocean lifts his pen better than the forest, — though he doubtless felt more at home in the latter, and more in harmony with the broad complacent meadow and

the placid lapse of streams. He went into the woods, because he "wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life." Pan's mysterious piping drew him still deeper into solitude, by the paths of streams and the tracks of the fox and partridge, where the beach-sounds in the pine-tree might remind him of Glaucus without swelling into envy for his enterprise. But it is plain, that, after salt water had once run up and lapped his feet, not all the epithets in Homer could pacify the hunger of this new sensation. He was powerfully attracted: the movement and unbounded freedom, the contrasts of strength and gentleness in the horizon filled with the downright sincerity that he prized, braced him like the high living of camps and explorations, and gave to his pulse an activity which he refused to derive from towns and business. But his observation is as sympathetic here as on the shore of Walden Pond; dealing, that is, not with general description of objects, or careful arrangement of their traits, but seizing their individuality, and transferring it with a touch of the precisest color into a sentence. Thus objects, instead of mutely falling into their natural place, aspire to interest us through something in the imagination that is kindred; and the whole scene becomes peopled instead of classified. The floating body of a woman, with her cap blown back, one of the relics of the Cohasset shipwreck, teaches him that "the beauty of the shore itself was wrecked for many a lonely walker there, until he could perceive, at last, how its beauty was enhanced by wrecks like this, and it acquired thus a rarer and sublimer beauty still." The thorn-apple, that is found on all strands of the ocean, "suggests not merely commerce, but its attendant vices, as if its fibres were the stuff of which pirates spin their yarns." An island "had got the very form of a ripple;" the sea nibbles voraciously at the Continent, "the tawny rocks, like lions couchant, defying the ocean;" the windmills of the salt-works "looked loose and slightly locomotive, like huge wounded birds, trailing a wing or a leg;" the wind seems "to blow not so much as the exciting cause, as from sympathy with the already agitated ocean;" and the breakers "looked like droves of a thousand wild horses of Neptune, rushing to the shore:" the wrecker's face was "like an old sail endowed with life, a hanging-cliff of weather-beaten flesh:" he seemed to be "as indifferent as a clam, — like a sea-clam with hat on and legs, that was out walking the strand:" notice how the kelp is described on p. 60 — the sun-squall, and the note of the mackerel-gull, "the dreary peep of the piping plover," whose young are "mere pinches of down on two legs:" and our literature cannot show a racier and more genial picture than the chapter called "The Wellfleet Oysterman." The sea plays with the land, "holding a sand-bar in its mouth awhile before it swallows it, as a cat plays with a mouse: but the fatal gripe is sure to come at last." The three or four hundred sail of the mackerel fleet hovered about the two lights of the Cape, "like moths round a candle, and at this distance they looked fair and white, as if they had not yet flown into the light: but nearer at hand, afterwards, we saw how some had formerly singed their wings and bodies." He paints the color of the sand, the weather-streaks upon the ocean, the "autumn rug" of the bay and huckleberry, the lichened boards of houses, and the fish-flakes, and the green in the comb of a wave. All the local history and topography is well interwoven with great skill to enhance the human and personal impression of these scenes. The bleak sand-elbow of Massachusetts had been unpromising from the days of Thorfin: waiting, evidently, till the arrival of this "Thor-eau" made promising, and handsome performing, too, worth the while, for his sake who was next of kin.

The reader of Thoreau's verses will be likely to declare that all the poetry has been absorbed by the prose. Yet the judgment will not be entirely safe. Only two or three pieces — those commencing "My life is like a stroll upon a beach;" "'Tis sweet to hear of heroes dead:" "My love must be as free," — can boast of melody and a completed form: but scattered verses yield great subtilty of thought, and tender and sweet expressions. We recollect, that when the "Dial" was the butt of all the nibless pens in Boston, and the style of Mr. Emerson gave the criticisms that quoted it for ridicule all

their flavor, the reigning fashion included Thoreau's verses, and an ἀσβεστος γέλως, like that of the gods at Vulcan's limping, went up over his ragged and halting lines. They are certainly very crude, seldom touched with the bloom of beauty, and full of verdant confidence in the reader's tolerance of their youth. But his imagination sometimes descends in their midst, and a line or a phrase blazes like a drop that has caught the sun; or suddenly his far thought strikes full upon the rows of common window glass, and they all reflect the honor.

A great deal of this poetry is gnomic, and the thrifty wisdom predominates. But there are many delicate lines about birds, the distant hills, the woodman's "early scout, his emissary, smoke;" trees stand in the clear sunset horizon, —

> "as the vessels in a haven
> Await the morning breeze;"

and let the reader turn in confidence to "Walden," p. 271. So let him undaunted look up in "Concord and Merrimack," pp. 183, 255, 274, 300, and 403, which is better than the same vein in George Herbert. Indeed, the frank and unpretending nobleness of his verses often recalls the minor poets of the Elizabethan times. It is a pity that their slovenly habit had not been reformed.

But let these books, with all their faults of temperament and execution, be not slow in recommending their health and calmness to the young men and women, who retain, with integrity, that contempt for worldly fashions and corrupt opinions of the Church and State, which the Republic hopes to nourish for her service and renown. Let them learn to love this sincere and truly religious life, which, both in what it did, and what it refrained to do, has a stimulus for all who long to keep themselves unspotted from the world.

"'Tis sweet to hear of heroes dead,
To know them still alive;
But sweeter if we earn their bread,
And in us they survive.
Our life should feed the springs of fame
With a perennial wave,
As ocean feeds the babbling founts
Which find in it their grave."

A Class committee sought further information concerning Thoreau in its circular letter dated Boston, May, 1870. [N] At the meeting held in the same place on February 26, 1874, Weiss read a poem that elicited such praise that his auditors voted that it be printed "for class circulation only." Henry Williams, having executed the order, added the following to his minutes (Class Book, pp. 226-227):

> In this connection the Secretary would report that, in compliance with the vote of the class, after communicating with Mr. Weiss, he had 100 copies of the poem printed, and that they have been distributed as far as possible. In many instances copies have been sent to relatives of our deceased class mates, and gratifying acknowledgements have been received from several sources: a few of which he is prepared to read to the meeting. — Miss [Sophia E.] Thoreau, Mr. Phelps, Harry Eustis & Nat. Holmes.

I reprint in the Appendix [O] portions of this poem, especially the lines on Henry. Weiss also composed a "Centennial Poem" for the meeting at Boston on May 18, 1876, but, if it survives, I have been unable to trace it.

APPENDIX

[A]

Cambridge, May 20th 1837.

C. H. Thoreau, Esqr.

Dear Sir,

On behalf of the class of '37 I have been requested to invite you to join with us in the exercises of Class Day, the 18th of July next.

Yours Truly

Henry Williams Jr.

Class Secretary

To

William Allen
from his friend and classmate
D. H. Thoreau.

[B]

"I long hae thought, my youthfu' friend,
A something to have sent you,
Tho' it should serve nae other end,
Than just a kind memento!
But how the subject-theme may gang
Ane hardly can determine;
I'm sure its not an empty sang,
Nor yet *is it* a sermon."

True it [this book] is neither a sang nor a sermon, but the author has evidently hit upon that happy medium, that pleasant debateable ground, Nature, into which the former [the song] makes frequent irruptions, without ever settling down upon it in good earnest.

June 25th, '37

David Henry Thoreau.

[C]

I am of French extract, my ancestors having taken refuge in the Isle of Jersey, on the revocation of the edict of Nantes, by Lewis 14th, in the year 1685. My grandfather came to this country about the year —73, "sans Souci sans soul," in season to take an active part in the Revolution, as a sailor before the mast.

I first saw the light in the quiet village of Concord, of Revolutionary memory, July 12th 1817.

I shall ever pride myself upon the place of my birth—— May she never have cause to be ashamed of her sons. If I forget thee O Concord, let my right hand forget her cunning. Thy name shall be my passport on foreign lands. No matter quarter of the world I may wander, I shall deem it my good fortune that I hail from Concord North Bridge.

At the age of sixteen I turned my steps towards those venerable halls, bearing in mind, as I have ever since done, that I had two ears and but one tongue. I came — I saw — I conquered — but at the hardest, another such a victory and I had been undone! "One branch more," to use Mr Quince's own words, "and you had been burned by entirely. You have barely got in!" However "A man's a man for a' that," I came in, and didn't stop to ask how I got there.

I see but two alternatives, a page or a volume. Spare me, and be thou spared, the latter.

Suffice it to say, that though bodily I have been a member of Harvard University, heart and soul I have been far away among the scenes of my boyhood. Those hours that should have been devoted to study, have been spent in wandering the woods, and exploring the lakes and streams of my native village. Oft could I sing with the poet,

"My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go."

The occasional day-dream is a bright spot in the student's history, a cloud by day, a pillar of fire by night, shedding a grateful lustre over long years of toil, and cheering him onward to the end of his pilgrimage. Immured within the dank but classic walls of a Stoughton or Hollis, his wearied and care-worn spirit yearns for the sympathy of his old, and almost forgotten friend, Nature, but failing of this is fain to have recourse to Memory's perennial fount, for her features, her teachings, and spirit-stirring revelations, be forever lost.

Think not that my Classmates have no place in my heart — but this is too sacred a matter even for a Class Book.

"Friends! that parting tear reserve it,
Tho' 'tis doubly dear to me!
Could I think I did deserve it,
How much happier would I be."

As to my intentions ———————— enough for the day is the evil thereof.

[D]

HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

VALEDICTORY EXERCISES OF THE SENIOR CLASS OF 1837.

TUESDAY, JULY 18, 1837.

1. Voluntary by the Band.
2. PRAYER by the Rev. Dr. Ware, Jr.
3. ORATION by Charles Hayward, Jr. — Boston.
4. Voluntary by the Band.
5. POEM by Samuel T. Hildreth. — Gloucester.
6. ODE by James Richardson, Jr. — Dedham.

TUNE. — *"Auld Lang Syne."*

A SHADOW steals across the sun,
And veils our morning sky; —
A tear bedims the light of joy,
That gladdened every eye; —

CHORUS.

The echoing tones of mirth no more
Our hearts with rapture thrill; —
The laugh of brighter hours is hushed; —
The festal song is still.

Dark thoughts of parting cloud each brow,
Each anxious bosom swell;
And voices fall upon the ear,
Sad with our last farewell.

CHORUS.

Farewell! farewell! ye classic groves,
Farewell! ye time-worn halls!
No more, in wisdom's soothing tones,
Our ancient Mother calls.

For the last time we gather round,
Beneath her sacred shade,
Where night and morn, for four long years,
Together we have prayed.

CHORUS.

And, ere we part, we 'll breathe one prayer,
One heartfelt prayer of love,
Which, through the clouds of earthly care,
Shall waft our souls above.

Oh! brightly may each brother's path
'Mid fadeless verdure shine!
While Pleasure's garlands softly glow
With Friendship's ray divine!

CHORUS.

We part, — and on life's ebbing sea
Though we shall meet no more, —
Oh! may we meet, — a happier band, —
Upon a heavenly shore!

Though tears shall mingle with the smiles,
That cheer our earthly way; —
And frowning night with threatening clouds
Obscure our little day; —

CHORUS.

Though weary years shall us divide,
And oceans roll between; —
Our glistening eyes shall often turn
To this our parting scene.

And often, — like the summer winds
That breathe from perfumed flowers, —
In blissful dreams, shall round us float
The forms of brighter hours.

CHORUS.

Each beaming eye, — each tone of love, —
Deep in our hearts shall dwell.
And memory long shall echo back
This last, this sad, — farewell.

Now, onward! with the lengthening train
Of Harvard's gifted ones!
Lead on another Century
Of true and worthy sons!

CHORUS.

We part. The faltering strain must cease
That all our prayer would tell.
Each brother grasps a brother's hand,
And sighs a last — farewell.

7. BENEDICTION.

The following Students of the present Senior Class have settled all their college dues, and are so far entitled to the degree of Bachelor of arts Viz.

[F]

Joseph Henry Adams
William Allen
John Bacon
~~Horace Baker~~
Henry Jacob Bigelow
Harvey Erastus Blaq
Martins Stimson Blake
William Johnson Dale
Charles Henry Appleton Dalb
Richard Henry Dana
William Davis
William Augustus Davis
John Knowlt Eustis
William Whitwell Greenough
Horatio Emmons Hale
David Green Hastings
Charles Hayward
Samuel Tenney Hildreth
Nathaniel Holmes
Christopher Columbus Holmes
Henry Hubbard
Samuel Austin Kendall
Benjamin Gage Kimball
John Foster Williams Lane
Charles March
Horace Morison
Augustus Goddard Peabody
Amos Perry
Francis Phelps
Charles Wyatt Rice
James Richardson
Charles Theodore Russell
Joseph Gales Seaton
David Henry Thoreau
Samuel Treat
Samuel Trull
John Francis Tuckerman
Henry Vose

over

[E]

BILL OF FARE
FOR
Senior Class Supper,
JULY 18, 1827.

—×◇×—

Mock Turtle Soup, - - - - - - - -

Salmon, - - - - - - - - -

Boiled Turkey and oyster sauce, - - -
Pig, - - - - - - - - -
Oyster Pies, - - - - - - - -
Poitrim de Poulette, - - - - - - -
Macaroni aux Parmesan, - - - - - -
Perdrix aux choux, - - - - - - -
Pate de foie, - - - - - - - -
Sweat Breads, - - - - - - - -
Roast Turkey, - - - - - - - -
Do. Ducks, - - - - - - - -
Partridges, - - - - - - - -
Woodcocks, - - - - - - - -
Squabs, - - - - - - - - -
Oysters—fried, stewed and scalloped, - -
Chickens—roast and boiled, - - - - -
Puddings, - - - - - - - - -
Pastry, - - - - - - - - -
Cake, - - - - - - - - -
Ice Creams, - - - - - - - -
Calves Feet Jelly, - - - - - - - -
Blanc Mange, - - - - - - - -
Strawberries, - - - - - - - -
Cherries, - - - - - - - - -

DESSERT.

Olives, - - - - - - - - -
Coffee, - - - - - - - - -
Cold Meats, - - - - - - - - -
Anchovy Toast, - - - - - - - -

John Woolf
Charles Chauncy Wheelock
Giles Henry Whitney
Daniel Wight
James Wilkes Wilkinson
Henry Williams
William Pinkney Williams
Francis Stanton Williams
Edward Pinkney Williams

Attested by me this August 30th 1837
Levi Farwell
Steward Harvard College

[G]

Edward de Pinkney Williams.
Samuel Willard Wilkinson
William Allen

Biographies of the Class
graduated at
Harvard University
August 30th
1837.

W. G. Clarke

J. Bacon Jr

Saml. Frost Jr

Charles S. Wheler.

C. Theodore Russell

S. T. Hildreth

Francis Shurtleff.

Wm Phillips jr.

Francis J. Williams

Nathaniel Holmes

Horace Morison

Horatio Hale

John F. Bartlett.

H. P. Bigelow.

R. H. Dana Jr.

David Greene Haskins

Wm Pinkney Williams.

Wm A. Davis.

Henry Williams Jr.

D. H. Chamberlain

A. G. Peabody

Wm Davis.

William W. Greenough.

James Richardson Jr.

Henry Webber Jun

Chas. Hayward Jr.

Joseph H. Adams. Jr.

C. H. A. Dall

Benj. G. Kimball

Giles H. Whitney.

Christopher C. Holmes.

J. B. Williams Jun

Saml A. Hancock

Clifford Belcher

Wm E. Dale

H. E. Clapp

Daniel Wight Jr

Chas. March

Henry Fox.

Illustrissimo **EDVARDO EVERETT**, Armigero, LL. D.,

GUBERNATORI;

Honoratissimo **GEORGIO HULL**, Armigero,

VICE-GUBERNATORI;

[H]

CONSILIARIIS ET SENATORIBUS

Reipublicæ Massachusettensis;

CÆTERISQUE UNIVERSITATIS HARVARDIANÆ CURATORIBUS

Honorandis atque Reverendis;

Honorando **JOSIÆ QUINCY**, Armigero, LL. D.,

PRÆSIDI;

Toti **S E N A T U I** Academico;

Aliisque omnibus, qui in Rebus Universitatis administrandis versantur;

VENERANDIS ECCLESIARUM PASSIM PASTORIBUS;

Universis denique, ubicunque terrarum, Humanitatis Cultoribus, Reique Publicæ nostræ literariæ Fautoribus;

EXERCITATIONES *hasce Juvenes in Artibus initiati,*

Josephus-Henricus Adams
Gulielmus Allen
Johannes Bacon
Clifford Belcher
Henricus-Jacob Bigelow
Harvey-Erastus Clap
Manlius-Stimson Clarke
Gulielmus-Johnson Dale
Carolus-Henricus-Appleton Dall
Richardus-Henricus Dana
Gulielmus Davis
Gulielmus-Augustus Davis
Johannes-Fenwick Eustis
Gulielmus-Whitwell Greenough
Horatius-Emmons Hale
David-Greene Haskins
Carolus Hayward
Samuel-Tenney Hildreth
Nathanael Holmes
Christophorus-Columbus Holmes
Henricus Hubbard
Samuel-Austin Kendall
Benjamin-Gage Kimball
Johannes-Foster-Williams Lane
Carolus March
Horatius Morison
Augustus-Goddard Peabody
Amos Perry
Franciscus Phelps
Carolus-Wyatt Rice
Jacobus Richardson
Carolus-Theodorus Russell
Josephus-Gales Seaton
David-Henricus Thoreau
Samuel Treat
Samuel Trull
Johannes-Franciscus Tuckerman
Henricus Vose
Johannes Weiss
Carolus-Stearns Wheeler
Ægidius-Henricus Whitney
Daniel Wight
Jacobus-Withers Wilkinson
Henricus Williams
Gulielmus-Pinkney Williams
Franciscus-Stanton Williams
Edvardus-Pinkney Williams,

humillimè dedicant.

Habita in Comitiis Universitatis CANTABRIGIÆ, MASSACHUSETTENSIS, Die Augusti XXX, Anno Salutis MDCCCXXXVII,
Rerumque Publicarum Fœderatarum AMERICÆ Summæ Potestatis LXII.

ORDER OF EXERCISES

FOR

COMMENCEMENT,

XXX AUGUST, MDCCCXXXVII.

Exercises of Candidates for the Degree of Bachelor of Arts.

[The performers will speak in the order of their names.]

1. A Salutatory Oration in Latin.

CHARLES THEODORE RUSSELL, *Princeton.*

2. A Conference. "The Influence of Young's and Cowper's Poems."

DANIEL WIGHT, *Natick.*
WILLIAM PINKNEY WILLIAMS, *Baltimore, Md.*

3. An Essay. "The Effect upon Literature of a Belief in Immortality."

JOHN FOSTER WILLIAMS LANE, *Boston.*

4. A Conference. "The Commercial Spirit of Modern Times, considered in its Influence on the Political, Moral, and Literary Character of a Nation."

CHARLES WYATT RICE, *Brookfield.*
DAVID HENRY THOREAU, *Concord.*
HENRY VOSE, *Dorchester.*

5. A Literary Disquisition. "Modern Imitation of the Ancient Greek Tragedy."

SAMUEL AUSTIN KENDALL, *Utica, N. Y.*

Music.

6. A Dissertation. "Severity of Manners in a Republic."

CLIFFORD BELCHER, *Farmington, Me.*

7. A Philosophical Disquisition. "The Real or Supposed Decline of Science at the Present Day."

SAMUEL TREAT, *Portsmouth, N. H.*

8. A Literary Discussion. "English Novels in the Reigns of George II. and George III."

WILLIAM AUGUSTUS DAVIS, *Boston.*
NATHANIEL HOLMES, *Peterborough, N. H.*

9. A Dissertation. "Heaven lies about us in our infancy."

RICHARD HENRY DANA, *Boston.*

10. A Philosophical Discussion. "The Expediency of making Authorship a Profession."

CHARLES HAYWARD, *Boston.*
HENRY WILLIAMS, *Boston.*

Music.

11. An English Oration. "Public Recreations."

CHARLES HENRY APPLETON DALL, *Baltimore, Md.*

12. A Forensic Disputation. "Whether the Popularity of a Literary Work is to be received as an Evidence of its Real Merits."

MANLIUS STIMSON CLARKE, *Cambridge.*
JOHN BACON, *Boston.*

13. An English Oration. "Empiricism."

CHARLES STEARNS WHEELER, *Lincoln.*

14. A Deliberative Discussion. "Whether Patriotism was inculcated to Excess in the Ancient Republics."

SAMUEL TENNEY HILDRETH, *Gloucester.*
HORACE MORISON, *Peterborough, N. H.*

Music.

15. An English Oration. "The Literary Profession."

JOHN FENWICK EUSTIS, *Charleston, S. C.*

Exercises of Candidates for the Degree of Master of Arts.

1. An English Oration. "Moral Effort."

Mr. THOMAS CUSHING, *Boston.*

2. A Valedictory Oration in Latin.

Mr. SAMUEL MORSE FELTON, *Charlestown.*

SONG

WRITTEN FOR THE SENIOR CLASS OF 1837.

BY

JOHN WEISS, Jr., Worcester, Mass.

[1]

Tune.—"Auld Lang Syne."

How faintly on the midnight air
The parting echoes float;
In vain we touch the harp, its chords
Return no wonted note.

CHORUS.

Deep sorrow clouds the youthful brow,
And dimmed is every eye
That flashed so brightly when the heart
And cup were mantling high.

We gaze upon the hallowed spot,
The well-known scenes recall,
And sigh to think the dream is past,
So sweet, so dear to all.

CHORUS.

Deep sorrow clouds the youthful brow,
And dimmed is every eye
That flashed so brightly when the heart
And cup were mantling high.

Yet friends must feel 't is sad to part;
The brightest dream must fade;
But memory keeps the treasure safe
From dark oblivion's shade.

CHORUS.

Then strike the harp to gayer strains;
What though the dream has flown?
We hail with joy the heavenly power
That makes the past our own.

Each bosom kindles at the thought;
Why mourn we for the past?
If part we must, fill high the cup,
Be merry to the last.

CHORUS.

Then fill the cup, and raise the song
In rapture to the skies;
Each moment, with the wine we pour,
Must sparkle as it flies.

Bring forth the festal harp that once
To notes of gladness rung;
And pour the mirth-inspiring wine
Its golden chords among.

CHORUS.

Then lift the sparkling bumpers high,
A full libation pour;
And list — the glittering chords we strike,
Sound plaintively no more.

We pledge the blushing goblet round,
In friendship's sacred name;
While brighter yet the crystal gleams
With memory's quickening flame.

CHORUS.

Fill high, for Bacchus crowns the cup;
Like flowers of rosy hue,
The nectar shines amid the leaves
He scatters to our view.

If sorrow be our future lot,
This parting glass will throw
Its radiance through the gathering gloom,
And banish all our woe.

CHORUS.

If pleasure fills the goblet up,
Our joy will brighter shine,
Reflected from the glass we quaff
To days of "Auld Lang Syne."

[J]

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SENIORS	yrs	mos	days		
Adams, 1	19	7	28		
Allen, 1	23	11	2		
Bacon	18	11	21		
Belcher	18	7			
Bigelow					
Clap	23	3	16		
Clarke, 1	20	10			
Dale	22				
Dall	21	6	18		
Davis, 1	19	9	18		
Davis, 2	18	7	13		
Eustis, 1	19	10		Died - Sept 30th 1844 -	
Greenough	19	2			
Hale	20	3	27		
Haskins	19	4			
Hayward, 1	20			Died - Nov. 5th 1838	2
Hildreth	19	9	11	Died - Feb. 11th 1839	9
Holmes, 1	20	1	28		
Holmes, 2	19	11	15		
Hubbard, 1	20	2	9		
Huger					
Kendall					
Kettell				Died 1837	1
Kimball, 1	21	3	25		
Lane	20	2	16		
March	21	8	12		
Morison, 1	26	11	16		
Peabody	19	6	26		
Perry	25	10			
Phelps	30	7	27		
Rice	20	1		Died Aug 9th 1844	5
Richardson	19	3	5		
Russell, 1	21	10			
Thoreau	20	1	18		
Treat	21	9			
Trull	23	5	22		
Tuckerman	20	2	17		
Vose	20	3	9		
Weiss	19	2			
Wheeler	21	8		Died June 13th 1843	4
Whitney, 1	19	9	12		
Wight	29				
Wilkinson	21	3			
Williams, 1	21	4			
Williams, 2	20	6	9		
Williams, 3	18	10			
Williams, 4	18	2	21		
Dana	21		29		
Seaton	20	1			

[K]

Boston, March 1, 1847.

Dear Sir,

THE following inquiries are made agreeably to a vote passed at the Last Annual Meeting of the Class, with a view to obtain authentic information concerning each one of its members, and to enable the Secretary to record facts now easily obtainable, but which, from year to year, it will be more and more difficult to collect.

You are respectfully requested to answer the questions proposed, as fully as may be convenient and agreeable to you, and to add such other facts concerning your life, before or after entering College, as you are willing to communicate. The answers are to be recorded in the Class Book for future reference.

Please to address HENRY WILLIAMS, JR., *Boston; post paid.*

Very Respectfully and Truly Yours,

Henry Williams, Jr., Class Secretary.

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1. When and where were you born?
2. Where were you fitted for College, and by whom?
3. If married, when, where, and to whom?
4. What is your profession? If learned, with whom studied? If mercantile, where and with whom begun?
5. What are your present employment, and residence?
6. Mention any general facts of importance before or since graduating.

1. Boston - June 28. 1818.
2. At Worcester, by Charles Thurber and George Folsom, Esq.; and at Framingham Academy, by Mr Caldwell.
3. At Worcester, to Miss Sarah Fiske Jennison, April 9: 1844.
4. Clergyman: Divinity School: the U: Professors Ware jr. and Geo. Noyes.
5. Reside in Watertown and preach, but do not practise.
6. See Tytler's Universal History and the Daily Papers, for general facts of importance. Private facts, of importance to myself, were my visit to Germany in 1842-43 - my Ordination, Oct 22. 1843 - my resignation, Oct 22. 1845 - my Settlement - April 19. 1846: and my parochial quarrels

which created for me the first staunch enemies I ever knew.

Facts of a still more private, or rather spiritual, history, do not probably come within the intention of Article 6.

There, my dear Harry, I fulfil the wishes of an ingenuous posterity, speaking through your secretaryship. Please to present to "future eyes yet unborn", and to all inquiring friends, my regrets that my life has not been more eventful, or its facts more dramatic. Perhaps I can do something for them yet: especially if the Massachusetts Regiment, now engaged in civilizing Mexico, and carrying the blessings of pure and undefiled religion to "revel in the Halls of Montezuma", should send North for a Chaplain. I might then be able to prove, what would be the most eventful and dramatic fact of the days, the perfect homogeneousness of that blessed American Trinity, War, Slavery and Christianity.

Yours, to answer any reasonable amount of questions —

F. Wms.

[L]

BOSTON, MARCH 7TH, 1851.

DEAR SIR:

It is proposed that a meeting of the CLASS OF 1837 be held at the Revere House, on Wednesday, at 5 P. M., on the 19th of March next.

There are reasons for a deviation from the usual custom of the Class in assembling during the week of the annual Commencement.

In Boston and its vicinity are now collected a larger number of the Class than at any time since we left the University. A general desire has been expressed to take advantage of this circumstance, and to endeavor to re-awaken the interest natural to those who have been pleasantly associated together at an early period of life. Nearly fourteen years have elapsed since we left Cambridge, and but few have been in situations to bring them much into contact with any considerable number of their Class.

There is a manifest advantage in holding a meeting at this season of the year. Upon Commencement week, other engagements are liable to interfere, and the usual heat and fatigue of the days preclude any long duration of the meeting either in the afternoon or evening.

On the present occasion a dinner is proposed of which the expense will not exceed one dollar to each person.

It is desirable that a definite answer to this letter should be returned to the Committee previous to the 17th inst. If circumstances should compel the absence of any member, it is expected that he will contribute to the interest of the occasion by writing some account of himself since he left College.

Very truly,

Your friends and Classmates,

WILLIAM W. GREENOUGH,
WILLIAM J. DALE,
DAVID GREENE HASKINS,
J. H. ADAMS, JR.
} *Class Committee.*

Annexed is a list of the members of the Class supposed to be in this vicinity.

Allen,
Bacon,
Belcher,
Bigelow,
Clap,
Clarke,
Dale,
Dall,
Davis, 1st.
Davis, 2d.
Dana,
Greenough,
Haskins,
Hawes,
Holmes, 2d.
Hubbard,
Kimball,
Lane,
March,
Peabody,
Perry,
Phelps,
Richardson,
Russell,
Thoreau,
Tuckerman,
Vose,
Weiss,
Whitney,
Wight,
Williams, 1st.
Williams, 3d.

Present.

Greenough.
F. L. Williams
B. G. Kimball.
H. Williams Jr.
Dr. H. J. Bigelow.
Dr. Jno. F. H. Lane.
Dr. Jno. Bacon.
Rev. C. H. A. Dall

Tremont House.

PARAN STEVENS, PROPRIETOR.

DINNER FOR CLASS OF 1837,

AT 5 O'CLOCK.

Boston, March 2d, 1855.

BILL OF FARE.

Clam Soup.

FISH.

Broiled Shad.

BOILED.

Turkey, with Oyster Sauce.

ROAST.

Fillet of Beef, with Mushrooms. *Virginia Ham, Champagne Sauce.*

REMOVES.

Veal Cutlets, Breaded, Madeira Sauce.

Macaroni, à l'Italienne. *Fritot of Chicken, Tomato Sauce.*

Lobster Salad.

GAME.

Red Head Ducks. *Widgeon.* *Quail.*

Calves' Foot Jelly.

Damson Meringues. *Bird's Nest Puddings.*

Pastry.

DESSERT.

Ice Cream. *Fruit.* *Confectionery.*

COFFEE AND LIQUEURS.

[M]

35

[N] Class of 1837.

CLASSMATE:

At the annual meeting of the Class, held in this city on the 17th of February last, it was decided that such memorials of our deceased classmates as were available should be collected for preservation, and the undersigned were charged with the duty of gathering from surviving classmates, as well as from the families and personal friends of the deceased, such facts as could be placed upon permanent record, to illustrate the lives and characters of the departed.

The following list comprises the names of all of the dead, of whom the Class Secretary has knowledge.

HARVEY E. CLAP,
MANLIUS S. CLARKE,
WILLIAM DAVIS,
JOHN F. EUSTIS,
CHARLES HAYWARD,
SAMUEL P. HILDRETH,
J. F. W. LANE,
CHARLES MARCH,
CHARLES W. RICE,
JAMES RICHARDSON,
JOSEPH G. SEATON,
DAVID H. THOREAU,
HENRY VOSE,
CHARLES S. WHEELER,
WILLIAM P. WILLIAMS,
EDWARD P. WILLIAMS.

Will you kindly communicate to the Chairman of the Committee, before the 15th of July next, the facts within your knowledge relative to any of the above list, covering the whole period of their life time, — youth, college life, marriage and family, profession, personal characteristics, account of sickness and death. In addition to these details, it would materially aid the Committee if you would present a general view or estimate of the individual, satisfactory to your own judgment or your personal affection.

The Committee take leave to add, that it would very much assist the Class Secretary in completing his records, if you would include in your letter such additional account of your own personal history as may be convenient; and if you have not already sent a photograph of yourself for the Class Book, its gift at the present time will be highly valued.

We remain, with continued esteem and regard,

Yours truly,

W. W. GREENOUGH, *Chairman.*
JOHN WEISS,
D. G. HASKINS,
HENRY WILLIAMS,
COMMITTEE.

BOSTON, May, 1870.

POEM

[o]

READ AT THE ANNUAL DINNER

OF THE CLASS OF

Eighteen Hundred and Thirty-Seven,

FEBRUARY 26, 1874.

BY JOHN WEISS.

Printed for the use of the Class only.

BOSTON:
PRESS OF W. L. DELAND, 2 CONGRESS STREET.
1874.

But '37, taking by assault
Successive lines of years, commands a halt,
And stacks the arms, to pass in muster o'er
Conquest and loss 'twixt then and '74;
Details me on this service, bids me lay
My free lance by, and, if I have a bay,
(The Muse vouchsaf'd) to mount it, spurring keen
With friendship's rowels through the vanish'd scene.

Along this retrospect what relics lie;
What moulds in earth of comrades! No reply
Hails to our roster, which is held by Death,
Who calls, the cheater; for he has their breath.
Along the well-fought line I stoop, I scan
Each silent place and recognize each man;
Through the raised letters of the turf, though blind,
I feel, identify each slumbering mind.
Now, with my tender booty, I return;
Fast as I name, engrave them on your urn.

Vose, half his task, but all his good complete;
A man of balanced mind, of temper sweet;
His dark eye frank and true, his brow, which pain
So frequent knotted, — marble 'gainst disdain, —
Smooth in a moment 'neath the expunging smile,
All over laughter at your passing wile,
And saying what the breath that labored so
Refused the heart to put into its glow.
A pleasant, simple soul, who craved no more
Than a dear housefull, and the precious store

Of spicery that wives collect and yield,
And daughters, fragrant from love's nearest field.
Faithful and temperate in a venal time,
Unto his name put Truth to be a rhyme.
Put daylight to his spotlessness; bring air
His clear, transparent motive to declare.
I leave him in well-earned, untroubled sleep,
My memory backward scouting still to keep.

THOREAU, prone on the earth he loved so well,
His ear close to the secrets he would tell,
His heart more deeply in the woodland lost,
His boat by wider Walden ripples tost;
His soul in Godhead sunk, in Godhead found,
Kosmos his Concord, and the stars no bound.
Where'er he wanders with detective sight,
He puts the essence of each sign in light.
Nature her lover has not lost; the heart
Of oaks is he; all creatures with him start.
The squirrel drops his nut, the bird his leaf,
The river sings along its shallow reef,
To celebrate a comrade thus regain'd;
All things rejoice, since death had only feign'd.
That non-compliance, that frugality,
That scorn of hankering, that chastity,
That rage to find some truths to keep him just,
That ignorance of creeds, that sacred trust
Which made our sects seem nought but jealousies
Of man and God, suspicions of what is;

This pith of ethics, this economy
That kept his house, and set his spirit free, —
All this — THOREAU — no more is vex'd by lies,
No longer held to bail by Compromise.
The friendly woods, the stillness that caress'd,
The muteness that its love to him express'd,
The living creatures that espoused his cause,
And paid his poverty unbrib'd applause, —
His whole resource of Nature, sacrament
Of some Religion ere there was intent
To fashion man, — this essence of mankind,
Our THOREAU lost, somewhere again to find.
He needed not to make his peace with God
Who never quarrell'd with Him. Let the sod
Above this sturdy love be seemly kept
By elements and creatures whose adept
Was he; the dew's unstudied tears each blade
Into his epitaph convert; the shade
Of evergreens recall his brooding hours,
Rehearse his flavor all the common flowers;
The winter drift describe his clear-cold style,
Whose feathering edges the strict breezes file;
The heat of June immerse the land, the sea,
Prolong the ardor of his fantasy
That quickened Nature to her deepest germ,
Soared in her eagle, burrow'd in her worm;
New-England pine its tawny needles shed,
And cones pack'd tight as he with seeds that bred.
The sparrows rob his grave to make a nest
Where artless phrase like his may hatch the best;

All things forget their shyness and confide,
Repaying us their debt to him who died.

I cannot linger where the earth this mould
So eagerly reclaim'd; my tale 's not told.
I hear its burden in Potomac's wave,
Wafted from hospitals o'er the soldier's grave.
A soldier he, at last, our RICHARDSON;
Caprices all outworn, life's fever done,
By fever quench'd; as soldiers drop the pack
To hunt more keenly on the hostile track,
To come more blithely under fire, and make
The cartridge briskly to its errand take,
He slipp'd at last his foibles, his unrest,
Stepp'd lightly to the front, dar'd honor's test
In danger's wards, touch'd wounds, and woke the ear
Of dying men with certainties that cheer
Like victory's rumor on the fainting field,
When Death, uplifted on that moment's shield
Skyward, exults, and sees the coming age,
Reads names of life upon the future's page,
Read his there, too; no blood he needed spill,
No shot to fire: his weapon was his will;
His 'listing paper was the viewless writ
That comes to sight when flame solicits it;
His last, best purpose was his mustering in,
And when he clos'd he did but just begin.

How hush'd the room, and scattered every spark
That kindled for us on the hearth of CLARKE.

[A] See HUD.237.505.
[B] See Kenneth W. Cameron, Thoreau Discovers Emerson, N.Y., 1953, P. 16.
[C] See HUD.237.714F.
[F] College Papers, Second Series, VIII, page 231 recto and verso.
[G] See HUD.237.00.
[J] See HUD.237.505.
[K] Quinquennial Folder: John Weiss.
[M] See HUD.237.00.

For generous privileges and permissions, I am indebted to Dr. Clifford K. Shipton, Custodian of the Harvard University Archives.

The Bibliophile Society,
Fifth Year Book
Boston, 1906, pp. 59-64:

APHORISMS BY HENRY D. THOREAU

FRAGMENTS OF OLD UNPUBLISHED JOURNALS RECENTLY DISCOVERED AMONG THOREAU'S PAPERS

A BRAVE man offers the least resistance to danger. He is not braced against it, but unarmed and relaxed. His pleasures are the cheapest. He is soothed by the rain-drops on his door-sill; each globule is his life-insurance, for he knows that disease and a rain-drop cannot coexist. He welcomes the east wind, not dreading consumption, but knowing that it has enjoyed a rare health from of old. All omens are good to him. The spilling of salt,

the standing of a fork, all portend good to him, for he feels the simplest law of Nature to be the warrant of universal innocence. All the phenomena of Nature consent with him. His breath is the wind, his mood the seasons. Can he live in the midst of Nature, and not be as serene as she?

To his ear the trumpet always sounds. Do we think we live in peaceful times, and that other times might require greater, more heroic qualities than we now display? Not so. We are the time. Let us die, and how would century differ from century, except that one was greener than the other?

We invite danger, we repel it. Always the worst foe is within the camp. Our worst foe is our nearest.

Not he who procures a substitute to go to Florida[1] is exempt from service to gather his laurels in another field. He is ready for all issues, not daring to die, but daring to live; if Fortune desert him, he in pity still abides by her. Even danger is his ally.

We will not aspire to a brave deed, but to a brave life. Men may act boldly, yet they cannot live boldly.

Our whole career should be so consistent and sustained as to ring like a single exploit in the ears of posterity.

Shall we be satisfied with this undisturbed round of days and weeks; shall the frivolous quarrels of nations inspire more ardor in the heart of the soldier than the aspirations or conflicts in our own breasts in us?

The religion we love is very laic, and as little does it creep into the sermon of the preacher, as poetry into the lecture of the professor. The life which will best bear to be considered is not only without [*word illegible*] but even without morality.

The moral aspect of the universe is after all but a jaundice imported into it by the degeneracy of man. Occasionally we rise above the necessity of .virtue into an unchangeable morning light, in which we have not to choose in a dilemma between right and wrong but live right on and breathe the circumambient air. This is the very vitality of life. No moral discourse has ever aimed so high as this level. The preacher is silent about it, and silent must ever be, for he who knows it will not preach.

For the most part the best man's spirit makes a fearful sprite to haunt his tomb. The ghost of a priest is no better than that of a highwayman. It is pleasant even to hear of one whose life has been such that after death his grave blesses the region round about; who has profaned or tabooed no place by being buried in it.

I like those men who do their Maker the compliment not to fear him; who grow bolder as great crises approach, who sit even in the presence of the gods, and shrink not; and are timid, if it must be so, in the presence of mean men; who literally neither fear God nor the devil, but love and respect the one while they hate the other.

I like the frankness of my neighbor who said that his hill-farm was poor stuff — "not fit to hold this world together" — and whom no religious scruples could induce to retract what he had said. He deserved that heaven should give him a better for so brave a treating of her gifts, than for repining or patiently putting up therewith. No doubt the lean soil had sharpened his wits, and he saw the heavens at a lesser angle from the hill than from the plain. The gods would not be displeased, though a man were dissatisfied with their gifts, if he clearly demanded greater. It would be worth the while to remember daily that we are to make great demands on heaven and ourselves.

How all the world takes care of a great man's reputation but himself. Pity that man who has a character to support, — it is worse than a very large family. He is "silent poor"[1]

[1] The author undoubtedly refers to the Seminole War (1835–1839). This reference also identifies the MS. as belonging to Thoreau's earliest writings, the Journals of which have nearly all perished.

[1] This refers to a fund established at Concord more than one hundred and fifty years ago, for the benefit of the "Silent Poor" of the town. The fund still exists and is reported upon every year.

indeed. They in fact are the poor debtors who stand pledged to their past selves.

The greatness of the hero is not stretched; he does not stand on tiptoe; but on the soles of his feet. He is not as if he were tall; his nerves are unstrained, he reposes by as many points as a sick man on his couch.

After contemplating a nobler life than ordinary, the question arises what are we to do? The relation or sight of any noble life unfits us for all common work. It subsides into our very bones, and excites us to muscular exertion; we are stronger in the knees. The past seems but the dim prospective of our future field. We feel our future deeds bestir themselves within us, and move grandly towards a consummation as ships go down the Thames. But alas! it is all in vain. We seem to linger in manhood but to tell the dreams of our childhood, and they vanish out of memory ere we have learned the language. When then shall we execute them? Alas! now is never the time. How many wait for health and warm weather to be heroic and noble!

But what we really need to know is very simple. The course of our lives lies plain before us as a river's valley — we need only know the high land from the main — on this side the mountains, and on that the sea. We have but to try. Really nothing stands in the way to success, but anything in the way to failure. In the least swing of the arm, in indignant thought, in stern content, we conquer our foes.

It is astonishing how fatal is every step, — even a step forward. It seems a miracle that we ever take another, so rigid and unyielding do our muscles instantly become. When we are wisest we are the greatest bigots. We do not stand for a moment but a crust forms over us like ice on still water. We do not believe that we shall, even in a serener and wiser hour, ever see ourselves; we are never visionary enough to be prepared for what the next hour may bring forth.

JONES VERY AND THOREAU——THE 'GREEK' MYTH

By the Editor

"If [Thoreau] had gone to Yale," wrote Canby,[1] "he might not have done so well by the classics, since his teachers, Professor Felton ...and Jones Very, the occasionally mad poet of Transcendentalism, were remarkable Grecians...." "His close study of Greek, fortunately conducted under two good teachers, one of whom, Jones Very, was a poet...taught him, I think, how to write a sentence...."[2] Canby nowhere cites evidence to support these extravagant statements which constitute, by this time, a myth of considerable proportions: Very and Thoreau, it implies, were well acquainted at Harvard. It asserts that they were respectively teacher and pupil. (One would think that biographers would consult the records at Harvard for their facts.) Henry Beetle Hough enlarges on the myth of personal acquaintance and influence by making Very for a time Thoreau's CLASSMATE! "One of the early visitors at Emerson's house was...Jones Very, some four years older than Thoreau, who...for a time had been Thoreau's classmate and his tutor in Greek...."[3] Since this myth promises to expand still further and eventually assert that Very was also a ROOMMATE, if a few facts are not quickly produced to give it the lie, I should like to offer the following evidence:

1) Very was appointed part-time tutor in Greek at the end of his Senior year, in 1836.
2) He taught only Freshmen throughout his tutorial work. (See his letters below.)
3) Very's principal task, during the period of tutoring, was to carry successfully a full load of studies in the Divinity School.
4) Thoreau, as a senior, appears to have studied no Greek. In his fourth year (and Very's first as tutor), he seems to have specialized in modern languages.[4]
5) The staff members whom Thoreau knew as student in the Greek Department during his first three years at Harvard were Professor Cornelius C. Felton, Christopher Dunkin and Francis Bowen.

Supporting evidence appears in Very's two hitherto unknown and unpublished letters to the Harvard Board of Overseers, the first of them covering Thoreau's senior year:[5]

The Hon Committee and Board of Overseers

Greek Department
Cambridge Oct. 1837

The Freshman Class during the past year have been divided into three sections ac-

cording to their proficiency——the first section reading the 5th and 6th books of Herodotus and part of the 7th——the 2d and 3d sections reading besides the 5th and 6th books of Herodotus the 1st book of Thucydides and part of the 2d book to my entire satisfaction. The whole Class have also finished Cleaveland, Antiquities and Buttman's Grammar Syntax with Exercises in writing Greek and others connected with their study of the language as seemed fitted to favor their progress once a fortnight—

Jones Very
Tutor in Greek

To the Honored Committee of the Overseers of Harvard University.

The freshman Class in Greek of the present year have been divided as usual into three sections—The two most advanced of which have already been examined in the fifth and sixth books of Herodotus, and are now engaged in the first book of Thucydides. The section least advanced has nearly finished three books of Herodotus most of which they will review. The whole class have finis[h]ed Cleveland's Greek Antiquities, and the Syntax of Buttmann's Grammar; attending also to such other parts of the same Grammar as seemed fitting. They have likewise had an exercise once a fortnight in Greek composition or in translations from the Greek besides occasional written answers of Questions on the authors studied by them.

Their attention to these several studies has been generally such as to make their instructor's duties rather a pleasure than a task; and leads him to look forward with a degree of confidence to the fruits of their exertions in their own best happiness and in the advancement of that of their fellow men.

Very respectfully
Jones Very.
May 1st 1838. Tutor in Greek

In 1882, Sanborn, who occasionally made wild guesses and who was splendidly inaccurate, dared assert only this: "I think [Thoreau] also came in contact, while in college, with that singular poet, Jones Very, of Salem."[6] I have elsewhere pointed out the possibility of such a contact at the meetings of the Institute of 1770.[7] But Very belonged to a class ahead of Henry's, Thoreau was frequently absent from meetings of the Institute, and Thoreau was not one to go out of his way to cultivate acquaintances outside the small group within the Class of 1837 with which the extant records associate him.

Unless, therefore, new evidence should come to light to the contrary, I believe we have facts and probabilities enough to kill the myth forever.

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1 Henry Seidel Canby, Thoreau, Boston, [1939], p. 42.
2 Ibid., p. 191.
3 Henry Beetle Hough, Thoreau of Walden: The Man and His Eventful Life, N.Y., 1956, p. 51.
4 See A Catalogue of the Officers and Students of Harvard University for the Academic Year 1836-7, Cambridge, 1836, pp. 25-27. See also J. Chesley Mathews "Thoreau's Reading in Dante," Italica, XXVII, no. 2 (1950), pp. 77-81.
5 Reports to the Board of Overseers in the Harvard University Archives, published with permission.
6 Franklin Benjamin Sanborn, Henry D. Thoreau, Boston & N.Y., 1882, p. 51.
7 See Thoreau Discovers Emerson: A College Reading Record, N.Y., 1953, pp. 4-8.

VILLAGES AS UNIVERSITIES: AESTHETIC PAPERS AND A PASSAGE IN WALDEN

by JOSEPH JONES

At the end of "Reading" in Walden, Thoreau gives voice to an idea not quite characteristic: "to act collectively is according to the spirit of our institutions." Many readers must sense this utterance, together with its context, as a trifle foreign to the customary spirit of Thoreau, though it may be reconcilable with certain other portions of his work. Thoreau, as Broderick points out, "believed that government did have legitimate functions" similar to those described by Emerson in "Politics," where it is stated that "the highest end of government is the culture of men."[1] And the passage in question does serve as an offset to exaggerated personalism, as do the "Complemental Verses" from Carew at the end of "Economy." Like Emerson, Thoreau had the habit of appending qualifications——a lecturer's trait, it may be. The passage in question, at any rate, has all the earmarks of a public exhortation.

The issue raised was a critical one, then as now: how may we best educate ourselves? What portion of our resources, our collective common wealth, should be spent to cultivate the general mind? For a hundred years and more the cry has gone up that Americans are too materially-minded to give a really liberalizing education its proper share either of money or public attention. Thoreau's plea is familiar enough in substance, but still forceful enough to deserve quotation. Here, it is needful also as part of a comparison.

> We boast that we belong to the Nineteenth Century and are making the most rapid strides of any nation. But consider how little this village does for its own culture. I do not wish to flatter my townsmen, nor to be flattered by them, for that will not advance either of us. We need to be provoked——goaded like oxen, as we are, into a trot. We have a comparatively decent system of common schools, schools for infants only; but excepting the half-starved Lyceum in the winter, and latterly the puny beginning of a library suggested by the State, no school for ourselves. We spend more on almost any article of bodily aliment or ailment than on our mental aliment. It is time that we had uncommon schools, that we did not leave off our education when we begin to be men and women. It is time that villages were universities, and their elder inhabitants the fellows of universities, with leisure——if they are, indeed, so well off——to pursue liberal studies the rest of their lives. Shall the world be confined to one Paris or one Oxford forever? Cannot students be boarded here and get a liberal education under the skies

of Concord? Can we not hire some Abélard to lecture to us? Alas! what with foddering the cattle and tending the store, we are kept from school too long, and our education is sadly neglected. In this country, the village should in some respects take the place of the nobleman of Europe. It should be the patron of the fine arts. It is rich enough. It wants only the magnanimity and refinement. It can spend money enough on such things as farmers and traders value, but it is thought Utopian to propose spending money for things which more intelligent men know to be of far more worth. This town has spent seventeen thousand dollars on a town-house, thank fortune or politics, but probably it will not spend so much on living wit, the true meat to put into that shell, in a hundred years. The one hundred and twenty-five dollars annually subscribed for a Lyceum in the winter is better spent than any other equal sum raised in the town. If we live in the Nineteenth Century, why should we not enjoy the advantages which the Nineteenth Century offers? Why should our life be in any respect provincial? If we will read newspapers, why not skip the gossip of Boston and take the best newspaper in the world at once?——not be sucking the pap of 'neutral family' papers, or browsing 'Olive-Branches' here in New England. Let the reports of all the learned societies come to us, and we will see if they know anything. Why should we leave it to Harper & Brothers and Redding & Co. to select our reading? As the nobleman of cultivated taste surrounds himself with whatever conduces to his culture——genius——learning——wit——books——paintings——statuary——music——philosophical instruments, and the like; so let the village do——not stop short at a pedagogue, a parson, a sexton, a parish library, and three selectmen, because our Pilgrim forefathers got through a cold winter once on a bleak rock with these. To act collectively is according to the spirit of our institutions; and I am confident that, as our circumstances are more flourishing, our means are greater than the nobleman's. New England can hire all the wise men in the world to come and teach her, and board them round the while, and not be provincial at all. That is the uncommon school we want. Instead of noblemen, let us have noble villages of men. If it is necessary, omit one bridge over the river, go round a little there, and throw one arch at least over the darker gulf of ignorance which surrounds us.[3]

To Elizabeth Peabody's Aesthetic Papers (1849) Thoreau had contributed "Resistance to Civil Government," later to be retitled "Civil Disobedience." His offering, like those of Emerson and Hawthorne, was an act of faith: the new venture, perchance, would provide another much-needed outlet, one to replace The Dial. It tried hard——but for one number only——and what was to have become a magazine survives only as another fragmentary monument to the oft-lost cause of a really adequate Transcendentalist journal.

That Aesthetic Papers must have been owned and read by Thoreau goes without saying. That he made use of what he found there may be demonstrated in at least one instance by setting the conclusion to "Reading" against the conclusion to Elizabeth Peabody's "The Dorian Measure, with a Modern Application." Some twenty-five pages of this article are devoted to description and praise of the Dorian Greeks, who (in contradistinction to the Romans) had not only "organic genius" but "artistic-organic genius," Miss Peabody felt. They refined religion and rendered it practical at the same time, they founded a state offering the citizen a moral order into which he could willingly consent to be absorbed, they developed a sound and brilliant system of education——and we would do well to imitate their example by humanizing our own education; so runs the argument. Upon the reforming pedagogue in this versatile lady falls the mantle of the historical critic; the Dorians are invoked as the text of a religio-social sermonette, to which the following paragraphs form the conclusion:

> ... in a nation truly cultivated, life would prove so rich, that every man could afford to pursue his own vocation; and "nothing should hurt or destroy in all the holy mountain." Of, if it is fanciful to suppose that quite this millennium is to be attained in this sphere,——into which is born, in every generation, a fresh mass of chaotic life, to be trained and cultivated by truth and beauty,——yet more and more approximation is to be looked for, as the ages roll on. There is no reason why we should not instantly begin to work on this plan. Our country is full of means. Europe is pouring out upon us her artists and scholars. We are rich, and can tax ourselves for conservative as well as for destructive purposes. Why not employ these artists and scholars to make a new revival of learning, which shall be, to times to come, what that, produced by the dislodged Greeks of the captured Eastern Empire, was to Europe in the fourteenth century? Why should not our merchants become, like the merchant-princes of Italy, the patrons of science and art, and give their children as well as their money to these pursuits? How many of the growing evils of our society would be crushed, as they are taking root, if, as fast as Americans become rich, they should leave the pursuit of riches to those who are poorer, and use the advantage of the leisure they have earned, to cultivate what the ancients expressively call "the humanities;" at least educate their children to live, rather than to accumulate superfluous means of living; to be living men, rather than instruments of living! "Is not the life more than raiment?"
>
> It is plain, that, if we can spend a hundred millions of dollars in a year for so questionable a purpose as the late war of Mexico, we have resources on which we might draw for public education. And, were education organized and set to music, as the art of destruction is, and that which it is to gain made as definite an object of the imagination, can it be doubted that it could raise its corps of volunteers, ready to spend and be spent for the truth, beauty, and power over nature, which are offered as rewards to the striving?
>
> Great institutions, large and combined efforts, are doubtless necessary; universities, properly so called, in which a universal culture should be made possible; and these whould exist in all our great cities, sending forth their branches into the country towns, or at least their scholars, until the passion of all this people be inspired with truth and beauty. But if this only adequate measure is still delayed, let every man and woman who see into the subject cultivate their own na-

tures, and those of their children and immediate circle. No hour, redeemed from sordid or brutal degradation, but shall tell. Thy Father worketh hitherto; and do thou work, nothing doubting. It is thus that thou shalt enter spiritually into the legislature of thy country, and help redeem its heart to progress. For it is with thy country as with thyself: unless an ever-progressing truth inform that department which mediates between the passion and the will, it will revolve in a vicious circle, till all freedom, and all capacity for freedom, expire.

Only the Truth can make us free, and keep us free.[3]

The similarities both in ideas and phraseology are close enough to obviate elaboration. Quite plainly, either Thoreau is following Miss Peabody's lead or (as seems less likely) both have been listening closely to somebody else.[4] It remains to point out that in Walden Thoreau brings the matter directly into Concord and puts it up to his taxpaying fellow-townsmen; that the tone is a bit less solemn though none the less earnest; and that the fact of Thoreau's drawing upon Aesthetic Papers as well as contributing to it is an early signal that the years between A Week and Walden were to see a sharp acceleration towards the matter if not always the modes of Transcendental reform.

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1 John C. Broderick, "Thoreau's Proposals for Legislation," American Quarterly, VII, 289 (Fall, 1955).
2 H. S. Canby, ed., The Works of Thoreau, Boston, 1956, pp. 317-318. The gist of this paragraph appears in Thoreau's Journal, IV, 323-325 (Aug. 29, 1852).
3 Elizabeth Peabody, "The Dorian Measure, with a Modern Application," Aesthetic Papers, Boston, 1849, pp. 109-110.
4 Another possible echo occurs a few paragraphs earlier in "Reading" where Thoreau says: "When the illiterate and perhaps scornful trader has earned by enterprise and industry his coveted leisure and independence, and is admitted to the circles of wealth and fashion, he turns inevitably at last to those still higher but yet inaccessible circles of intellect and genius, and is sensible only of the imperfection of his culture and the vanity and insufficiency of all his riches, and further proves his good sense by the pains which he takes to secure for his children that intellectual culture whose want he so keenly feels; and thus it is that he becomes the founder of a family." (Works, ed. cit., p. 313). To say the least, this sounds more Bostonian than bucolic!

---The University of Texas.

THOREAU, PARKER, AND EMERSON'S "MOUSETRAP" IN THE MONITOR (1862)

By the Editor

A rare and now almost forgotten periodical, published in Concord, Massachusetts, The Monitor, or, American Saturday Review was issued in only eight numbers---all in 1862.[1] It was apparently edited by S. R. Bartlett and Albert Stacy, and named for the small Union gunboat which had been successful against the Confederate Merrimac on March 9 of that year. The outer jacket of each number (see reproductions at the end) carried all the advertisements, business details and the public notices. Four days after Thoreau's death, Monitor no. 4 (May 10, 1862) published anonymously the following sonnet on page 28:

THOREAU.

Hush the loud chant, ye birds, at eve and morn,
  And something plaintive let the the robin sing;
Gone is our Woodman, leaving us forlorn,
  And veiled with tears the merry face of Spring.
Our woods and pastures he for other groves
  Forsakes, and wanders now by fairer streams;
Yet not forgetful of his earthly loves,---
  Ah, no! for so affection fondly dreams.
Dear One! 'Twere shame to weep above thy grave,
  Or doubtingly thy soul's far flight pursue;
Peace and Delight must there await the brave,
  And Love attend the loving, wise, and true.
Thy well-kept vows our broken aims shall mend,
  Oft as we think of thee, great-hearted friend!

It had been printed either without the poet's permission or without his intended revisions; hence the apology and the amended version which appeared in Monitor no. 6 (May 24, 1862) on page 46:

HENRY DAVID THOREAU.

This sonnet, owing to the impossibility of sending the proof to the author, was altered and marred in printing. In justice to him and ourselves, we reprint it.

Hush the loud chant, ye birds, at even and morn,
  And something plaintive let the robin sing; —
Gone is our Woodman, leaving us forlorn,
  Touching with grief the glad aspect of Spring;
Your whispering alleys, he for other groves
  Forsakes, and wanders now by fairer streams, —
Yet not forgetful of his earlier loves, —
  Ah, no! for so affection fondly dreams.
THOREAU! 'twere shame to weep above thy grave,
  Or doubtingly thy soul's far flight pursue;
Peace and delight must there await the brave,
  And Love attend the loving, wise, and true.
Thy well kept vows our broken aims shall mend,
  Oft as we think on thee, great-hearted friend!

Concord, May 6th, 1862.

The intervening issue, Monitor no. 5 (May 17, 1862) on pages [33]-34 carried the following tribute to Henry---interesting because it identifies his experiment at Walden with an early form of the "mousetrip" quotation attributed after 1871 to Emerson.[2] "The philosopher tells us, Let a man make even a nail better than any other, though he build his house in a thick wood, you will soon find a beaten track to his door." I suspect that the "philosopher" was, indeed, Emerson, who, in his journal for 1855, composed what I believe is a veiled allusion to Henry Thoreau:[3]

> I trust a good deal to common fame, as we all must. If a man has good corn, or wood, or boards, or pigs to sell, or can make better chairs or knives, crucibles or church organs, than anybody else, you will find a broad hard-beaten road to his house, though it be in the woods. And if a man knows the law, people find him out, though he live in a pine shanty, and resort to him... 't is

certain that the secret cannot be kept: the first witness tells it to a second, and men go by fives and tens and fifties to his door ....

Now for the Monitor's tribute to Henry:

WALDEN.

We pledge thee, crystal lakelet, fair
As a pure diamond, rimmed with green
Of emerald foliage, set in gold
Of sunset, of our home the Queen.

WALDEN is a curiosity in its way. It has no visible outlet or inlet. Its water is very clear; you can lean over your boat's gunwale and see the silvery sand of the bottom through many fathoms. You can, floating on its surface, easily imagine yourself in a balloon, for the water in certain lights is hardly distinguishable from the air. On one side of the pond, overhung by noble pines and almost overgrown by the frail sumach, there was once a little house. Let us open the door, — it was never locked, — and go in. One room simply furnished; on the closet door a picture drawn in pencil by an artist hand, of a man feeding a tame mouse. A few books, some simple furniture, and last of all a man. What is he doing there, nobody knows. Who is he, — no one can tell. Come away, we shall miss the train. Across the field of bean-vines the world went off to its business and its pleasure. When that man was a boy his father taught him the trade of making pencils. Faithfully he worked until one day he made one *perfectly*. Nothing could induce him to make another. He had done with pencils forever. This is what he said afterward, "I would not be one of those who will foolishly drive a nail into mere lath and plastering; such a deed would keep me awake nights. Give me a hammer and let me feel for the furrowing. Drive a nail home and clinch it so faithfully that you can wake up in the night and think of your work with satisfaction — a work at which you would not be ashamed to invoke the Muse. So will help you God and so only. Every nail driven should be as another rivet in the machine of the universe — you carrying on the work." He went out into the woods and pastures and lived. He found out almost as much about the pine tree as the Indians knew; and he paddled their own canoes better than they could. He caught the sumach in its weakness of breaking beneath its own weight. He knew birds and flowers and thistles, the river and the ponds. He surveyed land and landscape. He found birds' eggs and arrow-heads. He watched the crows, the hawks, and the fishes. He built the little house by Walden Pond and lived in it. His thrifty friends could not see that he was doing any work at all. They asked him what he was looking for. Hear his answer! "I long ago lost a hound, a bay horse, and a turtle dove, and am still on their trail. Many are the travellers I have spoken concerning them, describing their tracks and what calls they answered to. I have met one or two who had heard the hound and the tramp of the horse, and even seen the dove disappear behind a cloud; and they seemed as anxious to recover them as if they had lost them themselves." Now the seeker is gone on, and only far-behind can we follow the trail. He was no misanthrope, but a brave, companionable man. He liked visitors. "Children came a berrying; railroad men taking a Sunday morning walk in clean shirts, fishermen and hunters, poets and philosophers, in short, all honest pilgrims who came out to the woods for freedom's sake, and really left the village behind." The philosopher tells us, Let a man make even a nail better than any other, though he build his house in a thick wood, you will soon find a beaten track to his door. Few at first trod the path to the little house in the wood near Walden. Others now have found the way and the path is a beaten highway. Come all of you, young and old, boy and girl, man and woman, along the path through the pines. Enter the simple door. Meekly bend your head and gratefully gather around the board that he has spread for you. Drink the water he pours from the homely cup. He draws at the fountain of truth. Eat your fill of the bread he has broken and freely offers to all. There is enough and to spare. This house is gone long ago; but still by the shore he loved, the one that is true and pure enough can take the warm hand and feel the throb of the faithful heart of Henry D. Thoreau.

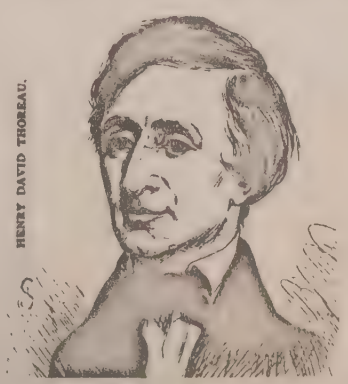
A review of Thoreau's last book appeared in Monitor no. 7 (June 7, 1862), p. 53:

WALDEN.

By H. D. Thoreau. Ticknor & Fields. Boston, 1862.

Once in a great while come down like manna new words of wisdom and truth. As the blessing falls around us in the evening, we do not distinguish it from the ordinary dew of summer. After the dark hours of night, comes the morning with its sunlight, and we spring from our slothful couch and go out into the fields, and find them covered with elysian food. Walden is crammed full with delicious morsels: rare philosophy, sweet poetry, invaluable facts, suggestive imaginations, strangely charming beauties, gems from the diadem of Queen Nature herself. From this recluse the man of the world may learn experience. Walden is the book to take by one's hand for a companion for your whole summer rambling. When you are snugly ensconced in the shade of a tree at the mountains, or a rock at the sea-shore, open at the chapter on Sounds or Solitude, and read until the delight of the *dolce far niente* has carried you into dream-land too far for any earthly sympathy. Doze awhile, then read again. Walden is the book for the business man to study, for, strange to say, this man, who never saw the inside of a counting-room, knew more of Economy than the owner of "sails that whiten every sea."

Walden is a book for boys and girls, for men and women, for it is written by a man of heart, mind, and soul. Perhaps you may not break the shell at once with your teeth, but persevere, read it again and again, as the writer has done, and you will surely find the sweet kernel of beauty, knowledge, and truth.



Theodore Parker was the subject of the leading article in Monitor no. 6 (May 24, 1862), page 41:

THEODORE PARKER.

Once upon a time, in a little country town, there was a poor farmer's boy who had to work very hard to get his daily bread. He was an apt student, and when he was only ten years old had learned all that he could at the district school. No doubt, his good father and mother thought that was sufficient for a boy in his circumstances to know, and were glad that he had learned enough to carry on the farm in so little time. But, strange to say, he wished to get more of a bite of the sweet apple of learning, and so he said, What else is there to know? A friend offered to teach him the Latin language. He wanted to learn it, but a grave objection arose. They had no lexicon, and his friend, who was as poor as he, had no money to give him to buy one. Here was an obstacle, indeed, and Theodore's little head was soon at work how to overcome it. We can now imagine how he revolved the difficulty in his mind. We know well that a thought of not getting it finally never got inside of that determined brain of his. He had only one way of making money, — to pick huckleberries and sell them at three cents a quart. Off he went to the pasture, and, after a time, the dictionary, the first book he owned, was his. Let us go to its last resting-place while he owned it, and see what company the book found in its old age.

Open the door — on which is the wooden door-plate, familiar to so many — of the house in Exeter Place, Boston, and go into what is now famous ground. Up the first staircase catch a glimpse of the long parlor papered with rare volumes on a large part of one side, see the "old clock on the stairs" — it has ticked out the lives of many of the family beside him, then up other flights, until you reach the upper story. Brush against the Queen's arm that his ancestor carried on Lexington Green, April 19, 1775, and you stand in a room extending the whole length of the house, — Theodore Parker's library. Here, by the back windows, stands his desk, on it a manuscript partly in cipher, and partly in handwriting almost as illegible, and two little Parian busts, one of Jesus, and the other of Spartacus. Here is the wooden inkstand out of the blackness of which, at his master-touch, there sprang so many living, glowing images. It is large and heavy enough to be the very same that Martin Luther threw at the Evil One. To-day, we can as plainly see where his ink stained the wall of bigoted prejudice, as the mark made by the older reformer on the wall of the old room in Germany.

Parker used to have a picture of Daniel Webster hanging before him, but one day, in March of a certain year, he came in, almost in tears, and took it down from its place, never to be returned. But we forget the dictionary, — here it is! It is not lonely now; it has many thousand companions, written in thirty different languages, all but two of which their owner could read. Essays, biographies, histories, art, science, poetry; ballads of England, Spain, Germany, Ireland, Switzerland, and many another land; dictionaries, gazetteers, and encyclopedias; maps of every clime, from New England to the region of the White Nile; musty black-letter folios bound in vellum, and still fitted with the chains that suspended them in some mediæval monkish cell, side by side with the spruce Washington Street issue of to-day; on the floor and chairs, piled three or four deep on the shelves on the walls and alcoves, a labyrinth of literature of which he only held the thread to find the way through. To him they were not visitors, but all intimate friends. Now they are lost in the sea of the Public Library of the City of Boston. Poor unfortunates, when will they ever find such a friend as he again? Most of them must keep their their sympathies pent up until they moulder or are eaten by worms. Would that the library had been left forever in its place, — a Mecca for scholars to seek to pay each his devotion to the great mind that gathered them, for

> "The silent organ loudest chants
> The master's requiem."

Once, when he was asked to preach one of his tender sermons, instead of the terrible invective that was expected from him, in the town to which he was going, he said, "First cut down the great oaks and pines, and then you can plant Indian corn." Theodore Parker was a pioneer in a new world of thought. Alone he stood, and saw, towering far above him, the huge sins, errors, and mistakes that prevented the gentle fruit-trees of humanity and religion from taking root. He said, "This will never do." So he ground his heavy axe to a keenness which many a transgressor knew, and dashed in right and left. Perhaps he might have left a few more trees for shade and ornament than he did. It would have been more comfortable for us peaceful settlers, who follow him far behind; but then they will soon grow again.

He was a brave old Puritan. His very warmth of heart and strength of soul led him to excesses in his denunciation of bigotry and falsehood. Can we judge him, you and I? Can we even see how vast he was? No. Let us try to rear the fruits of Love as faithfully as he tore down the barriers of Fear. He was a man in the fullest sense of the word, — human, not divine. He had great faults overbalanced by greater virtues. He was Infidel to every dogma of error and sin, and a Fanatic on every point of freedom, justice, and truth. Widely as many honestly differ from him in his speculative theology, no one can deny him vast erudition, deep religiousness, faultless morality, and conscientious fidelity to great and true reforms and charities. He would never leave any sin unrebuked, allow a poor man or woman to want for bread, deny a trembling fugitive the support of his brave heart and fearless hand, nor let a bright boy need the means to help himself to an education. America needs him now the most, fearlessly to announce the truth, — to point the way, over his pulpit at the Music Hall, for her statesmen and generals to follow.

Have we forgotten him? Shall we forget him? No! not while there is left one of the many weary souls, —

> "An infant crying in the night, —"

who, groping blindly for a better hope and a better life, has felt, in the darkness, his strong hand take theirs, and has heard his tender voice whispering, "Friend, come up higher." Oh, there has been a great void in our hearts, and in the soul of our nation, since Theodore Parker, a modern Samson Agonistes, in the full luxuriance of his matchless intellect, summoning all his unequalled powers, crashed together the massive columns that upheld the temple of error and crime, and fearlessly buried himself in the ruin.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by S. R. Bartlett, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the District of Massachusetts.

Our final quotation is a poem of little merit but topically interesting——and a good example of the poetic moralizing of the period——from Monitor no. 8 (June 21, 1862), p. 60:

MUSKETAQUID.

PEACEFULLY as when the Indian
Paddled here his birch canoe,
Flows the gentle, grass-grown river
Pleasant vales and meadows through,

And where Assabet, the gentle
Maiden fair, with trusting love
Yields her charms to his embraces,
Hand in hand through life to rove.

Hemlock, pine, birch, blushing maple,
And the clustered, clinging vine,
Throng around her, as she leaves them,
To the last their darling twine.

Water, trees, birds, ferns, and flowers,
Balmy south-wind breathing sweet,
Charm with beauty past enduring,
Nature, face to face, to meet.

Leaning down, I pluck a lily,
Which with beauty charms my eye,
Now with rapid strokes my wherry
Flashes banks and wavelets by.

Now I, breathless, stop my rowing,
Soon my little boat is still,
And I dream, and let the current
Float me wheresoe'er it will.

Oh, how sweet it is to linger
Floating on the river's breast;
But night comes, and I must hurry
Home, 'tis time to go to rest.

With my oars upon my shoulder
As damp fogs begin to rise,
Home I wander, while my fancy
Leads me thus to moralize:—

Now and then I seize a lily
Off of Time's relentless stream;
Now, in burning, frenzied fancy,
Flash long years in one bright gleam.

Soon I'm tired, and the current
Bears me helpless where it will;
And I dream, while by the wavelets
Glide stern destiny to fill.

Soon there comes the dreary darkness,
Sets in gloom the brilliant sun;
Maybe clouds obscure my reason,
And I sleep with nothing done.

---

1 All are preserved in the Houghton Library under *fAP85.M7495. Seven are in the Mass. Hist. Society. No. 1 (April 19) has pages 1-8; no. 2 (April 26), pp. 9-16; no. 3 (May 3), pp. 17-24; no. 4 (May 10), pp. 25-32; no. 5 (May 17), pp. 33-40; no. 6 (May 24), pp. 41-48; no. 7 (June 7), pp. 49-56; no. 8 (June 21), pp. 57-64.

2 See Borrowings. Compiled by Ladies of the First Unitarian Church of Oakland, California, San Francisco, 1889, p. 38. I learn from Hugh P. MacDonald, The Power of Emerson's Wisdom, N.Y., [1954], p. [xi], that an edition appeared in 1871, edited by Mrs. Sarah B. Yule, who had heard Emerson lecture in that year.

3 Journals, VIII, pp. 528-529.

From the cover of Monitor no. 8 (June 21, 1862).

THE MONITOR;

Or, American Saturday Review.

TO THE PUBLIC.

THE Proprietors of the Monitor have preferred issuing a few numbers to the ordinary plan of a Prospectus, and also to hail from a little country town instead of a large city. On Saturday, September 20, Providence permitting, No. 9 will appear, and the review will be continued every Saturday. Basing their request entirely on the merits of the work, they now ask the support and patronage of an appreciative public, and refer to a few of the prominent points in the numbers already issued.

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In hopes that our next issue will find our beloved country blessed with the sweet fruits of Peace, and grateful for the many favors the Monitor has received from the press and from individuals, they beg leave to congratulate their many unknown friends and themselves that the Monitor is an established fact of American enterprise.

THE PROPRIETORS.

BY S. R. BARTLETT, *Manager.*

THE MONITOR:

OR, AMERICAN SATURDAY REVIEW.

No. 7. Vol. I. June 7, 1862. { Singly, Six Cents. 25 Nos. in advance, $1.25.

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THOREAU BILLS HIS PUPILS AT THE CONCORD ACADEMY

By the Editor.

That ungathered Thoreau manuscripts still may be found here and there was recently proved to the writer when, with the permission of the Concord Free Public Library, through its Librarian, Fred B. Bloomhardt, Esq., he explored two trunks of uncatalogued nineteenth-century papers in the basement of that important institution——papers of Attorney Nathan Brooks and of Jailor Abel Moore——and turned up the following. (We shall reproduce them in facsimile so that our readers may imaginatively go through the trunks for themselves!)

[A] Henry's receipt of September, 1838, to Nathan Brooks for the tuition of George Brooks and Samuel Burr.

[B] Henry's receipt of November 28, 1838, for the same, deducting rent due Nathan Brooks for the Academy building.

[C] Cynthia Thoreau's receipt in Henry's behalf on February 29, 1839. Broken window panes appear on this bill. (Who threw the ball?)

[D] John Thoreau's receipt of May 31, 1839.

[E] John's receipt of August 30, 1839.

[F] John's receipt of December 14, 1839.

[G] John's receipt of March 14, 1840.

[H] John's receipt of June 13, 1840.

[I] John's receipt of Sept. 19, 1840.

[J] Nathan Brooks' summary of what he paid for the tuition of his ward, Samuel Burr.

[A]

Nathan Brooks Esqr to H. D. Thoreau Dr.

For instructing George Brooks 7 weeks $0.50

" Samuel Burr 7 " 3.69

$7.19

Rec'd Payt H. D. Thoreau

[Endorsed: Sept., 1838]

[B]

Concord. Nov. 28th 1838.

Nathan Brooks Esqr

To H. D. Thoreau Dr.

To one Quarter's instruction of Son— $ 0.50

" " Samuel Burr — 3.69

Continued over.

Cr. by Rent ——— $ 5.00
$ 7.00

Recd Payt
Henry D. Thoreau

[C]

Mathew Brooks Esq. D^r Henry D. Thoreau Dr.

For one quarters instruction of his son George, --- $ 6,00
" " " " Samuel Burr, $ 6,00
" Squares of glass set ------- ,50
$ 12.50
Credit by rent 5,00
7.50

Recd Payt
C D Thoreau
for H D Thoreau

Feb. 29th 1839.

[D]

Concord, May 31st, 1839.

Mr. Mathew Brooks

To H. D. Thoreau & Co.

For Instruction of Son One Quarter --- 6.00
" 2 Writing Books " ——— 10 ——
" Instruction of Samuel Burr ———
" 1 Grammar ——— " ——— "
$ 10.40

Contra Cr

By Rent of Academy One Quarter 5.00
5.00

Received Payment
H D Thoreau & Co

[E]

[F]

[G]

[H]

Concord, June 13th 1840

Nathan Brooks Esqr

To J. Thoreau Jr. Dr.

For Instruction of Samuel Borr One Term $6.00

Recd Payt

John Thoreau Jr

[I]

Concord Sept. 19th 1840.

Nathan Brooks Esqr.

To J. Thoreau Jr. Dr.

For Instruction of Samuel Borr One Term $6.00

Recd Payt

John Thoreau Jr

[J]

Amt. paid Dr S. Borr tuition —

August 30. 1839 —— $4.—

Dec 14, " —— 4.—

March 14 1840 —— 6.—

June 13 " —— 6.—

THOREAU'S NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS IN THE MORGAN COLLEGE NOTEBOOK

By the Editor.

The following clippings appear in the rear of M. A. 594, which the writer is editing with the permission of the Trustees of the Pierpont Morgan Library. They cover such subjects as the Concord Lyceum, education, morals, genius, proverbs, English language, the Lord's Prayer in Anglo-Saxon, and Leigh Hunt's "Abou Ben Adhem." (Thoreau did read newspapers!)

Negro Proverbs. We found yesterday a fragment of an apparently old newspaper, title and date lost, which contained the following proverbs of the Yoloffs, or Woloffs, a nation of negroes on the west coast of Africa, in the vicinity of the river Senegal, extracted from a grammar of the Woloff language, "published lately," the fragment says, "at Paris, by M. Dard, who resided a long time, and still resides among those people." The Yoloffs, or Woloffs, live under a despotic government, in rude log huts, filled with straw. They can neither read nor write, and their minds are entirely uncultivated:

When you saw the palm tree, the palm tree had seen you before.

The child looks all around and sees nothing; the old man sits on the ground and sees every thing.

What the child says, he heard at home.

The large fruit Baobab, had a little seed for his mother.

If the small measure only goes to the store, the corn will last long.

The house roof fights with the rain; he who is under shelter does not know it.

Not to know is bad; not to ask is worse.

If you well understand the beginning, you need not trouble yourself about the end.

To love the king is well; to be loved by the king is better.

If you know the person who is to die on the same day with you, you will be his fast friend in this world.

What the convalescent refuses, would please him who is dead.

He who sells bones has no business in the other world.

Were it not for the fingers, the hand would be a spoon.

The frog loves to be in water, but not in hot water.

The woman whose rival is dead does not mourn.

I have *forgotten* your name is better than I *don't know* you.

Deny, if you please; but if you see, believe.

Truth, if it rises will overreach lies, however numerous.

The partridge loves peas, but not those that go with her into the pot.

The sky is the king of roofs; the night is the queen of shade; the earth is the queen of beds; the sun is the king of candles.

A razor can shave itself.

The child hates him who gives him all he asks for.

He who was born the first, has the greatest number of old clothes.

I don't care for the kettle that is not boiling; nor for the finger that has no nail.

If you tread on the serpent, nobody will say, let him alone.

Where the mouse laughs at the cat, there is a hole.

If you don't stay at home, you will have no work.

The tree that is not bigger than yourself, can nevertheless put you in the shade.

TERMS. Four Dollars per annum, payable one half in advance.

The SATURDAY MORNING TRANSCRIPT is published every Saturday Morning. Price, Two Dollars per annum payable in advance.

Origin and Progress of the English Language. [Translated from Adelung's Mithridates.] The English Language of the present day is a very degenerate daughter of the Teutonic family. Its history commences with the Anglo Saxons; for very little of the language of their predecessors, the ancient Britons, the Cymbri, or Belgæ and the Romans, is incorporated with it. On the invasion of the Angles and Saxons, united in A.D. 450, each of their dialects, which are very similar to each other, became dominant; the first in the provinces north of the Thames, and the Saxon in those south of it. At the establishment of the heptarchy, the Saxon dialect with the Saxon kings gained the precedence, and the dialect of the Angles, which was closely allied to the then existing Danish, was no longer used. The influence of the Gallico Romish missionaries upon the language—at least upon that part of it used in religion—is also worth remarking. In the years subsequent to 787, new swarms of Danes, whose emigration in perhaps connected with the wars of Charles the Great, planted themselves in England, and a second time introduced into the provinces of Northumberland, East Anglia and Mercia, of which they made themselves masters, a Danish dialect, but different from that brought from South Jutland by the Angles. Under Canute the Great and his two successors, the Danish became the court language, and the other provinces became of necessity accustomed to it. When Edward the Confessor mounted the throne, the Saxon language came again into general use, but the old west-Saxon mingled with the Danish still remained. It is to be regretted that we have so few remnants of the first or pure Anglo Saxon period. On the other hand the remains of the second Danish-Saxon period, which we uniformly confound with the Anglo Saxon, are extremely copious.

Under Edward the Confessor, who was educated at Normandy, and who brought with him a multitude of courtiers on his ascent to the throne, the corrupt French dialect then prevalent in Normandy, began to be the language of the Court and of the higher classes. With William the Conqueror, the Norman Saxon period of the English language commenced: the native language was barbarously mingled with it, and the French of Normandy was introduced into judicial proceedings and schools. The children of the great were sent to Normandy to be educated, and the yet poor and uncultivated Saxon remained only among the lower classes. It finally conquered, although with the loss of many of its peculiarities, under Edward I, toward the end of the thirteenth century. Under Edward III it again became the language of official proceedings. A large number of French words had, however, become incorporated with it, and from a continual adoption of words from modern French, which naturally resulted from the political relations of the two countries, the present English language was formed. It received, however, its final cultivation only at the time of the reformation, and the quarrels between the crown and the nation, which followed that event; nor did it acquire its final polish till after the revolution, when the authors who employed it, elevated it to that high degree of excellence, of which, from its great copiousness, and the remarkable simplicity of its construction, it was peculiarly capable. It is the most simple of all the European languages: the terminations of the substantives being only changed in the genitive and the plural, and the alterations of the roots of the verb not exceeding six or seven. This simplicity depends in some measure on a philosophical accuracy which is carried systematically through the whole language, so that the adjectives, participles, and articles are indeclinable, being in their nature destitute of any ideas of gender, case or number; and the form of generic distinction is confined to objects which are naturally entitled to it. The pronunciation, on the other hand, is extremely intricate, and foreign proper names, in particular, are much mutilated whenever they are adopted by the English.

George. Genius can alone comprehend genius, and only a noble mind understands one of its own stamp; at the same time, it sees ignoble merits more clearly than they do themselves. He who seeks, understands the blind man; but the blind man cannot comprehend him.

Tranquility. Quick streams are the coolest, but cleanse themselves when they flow more quietly; and perhaps it is the still, quiet life of women, that causes their superior moral purity; as instances do not crystalize regularly, except in a state of repose.

SUPERSTITION. A writer somewhat eccentric in his thick, heavy gloom of superstition, than in the subtle, rarified atmosphere of atheism, in which the palpitating breast catches in vain for air, and dies of suffocation.

LEGISLATURE. In neither branch of the Legislature was any business of particular interest transacted this morning. The House voted to grant the use of the Hall of the House every Thursday evening, to the members of the Legislature, for the purpose of hearing lectures on Education, to be provided by the Committee on that subject.

INTREPIDITY. We do not remember, among the many anecdotes of dueling, to have met with one displaying more hardihood than the following, which though it happened many years ago, and was related to us by an eye witness, we have never seen in print: Mr Spring had a farm on an island in Saco river, from which he built a bridge to the main land, where it would encroach upon the land of his neighbor Mr Dennett. The channel was not very broad, and a few rods below were some considerable falls Spring built abutments, and laid the string-pieces; but Dennett came in the night and tore them down. Spring naturally enraged, threatened that if he did it again, he should answer for it to him personally. Unawed by this threat, no sooner were the beams again laid on the abutments, than he destroyed so much of the works as to leave but one string-piece remaining, and that a beam eight inches square over the river, where a fall would be as certain a death, as from the Goat Island bridge above Niagara. According to his previous threat, Spring challenged Dennett to mortal combat. "I won't fight," said Dennett, "but I'll tell you what I will do."

A LAY SERMON. A briefer or more beautiful lay sermon is not to be found than the following, from the pen of Leigh Hunt:

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold:
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay; but so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow men."
The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blest,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!

For the purpose of presenting in one view the changes which the language has undergone, we select the Lord's prayer as an example. The following version is Danish Saxon of about the year 875, and is ascribed to King Alfred.

Fader ure, thu the eart on Heofenum,
Si thin Nama gehalgod;
To cume thin Rice;
Gewurthe thin Willa on Eorthan swa swa on Heofnum;
Urne gedaghwamican Hlaf syle us to dag;
And forgyf us ure Gyltas, swa swa we forgyfath urum Gyltendum;
And ne gelaedde thu us on Costnunge;
Ac alys us of Yfle.

II. Danish Saxon of about 960.

Faderaure, thu the in Heofunum,
Beo gehalgod thin Noma;
Cume to thyne Rice;
Gewurthe thin Willa swa swa on Heofune swa on Eorthe;
Urne gedaghwamicu sel us to Dag;
And forgif us ure scyldas, swa swa we ec forleten tham the scyldgiath us ayenes;
And ne gelaet us na to costnunge;
Ah feloese us of Yfle.

III. By Pope Adrian in Rhyme, about 1154.

Ure Fadyr in Heavenrich,
Thy name be halyed ever lich,
Throwhoute us thy michel Bliss;
Als hit in Heaven y-do,
Evar in Yearth been it also;
That holy bread that fedeth ay
Thou sendist us this like day;
Forgive us all that we have don,
As we forgiveth och other Mon.
Ne let us fall into no Foundinge;
Ac shield ous fro the loue de Thinge. Amen.

IV. English of the 13th Century.

Oure Fader, that art in Hevenes,
Halewid be thi Name;
Thy Kingdom come;
To be thi Wille do as in Hevene and in Earth,
Gyff to us this day owar Brode over other Substance

And forgyve to us our Dettis, as forgyven to oure Detiours;
And lede us not into Temptation;
But delyver us fro Yvel. Amen, that is, so beit.

V. English of 1370. From Wicklif's Translation.

Our Fadyr, that art in Heavenes,
Hallowid be thy Name;
Thy Kingdom come to;
Be thy Will done in Earth as in Hevene;
Gyve to us this Day our Bread, over other Substances;
And forgive to us our Dettis, as we forgiven to our Detters;
And leede us not into Temptation,
But delyver us from Evil. Amen.

VI. English of 1430.

Our Fadir, that art in Hevenes,
Halewid be thi name;
Thy Kingdom come to thee;
Beghy Will don in Eerthe as in Hevene;
Give to us this Day oure Breed over other Substance
And forgive to us our Dettes, as we forgiven oure Detours;
And lede us not into Temptation!
But deliver us from Evel. Amen.

VII. English of 1526. From Tyndall's Translation.

Our Father which art in Heaven,
Hallowed be thy Name;
Let thy Kingdom come;
Thy Will be fulfilled as well in Earth, as it is in Heaven!
Give to us this Daye our dayly Bred;
And forgeve us our Debtes, as we forgiven our Detters;
And lead us not into Temptation;
But deliver us from Evyll.
For thyne is the Kingdom, and the Power, and the Glorye for ever

---

CONCORD LYCEUM.

THERE is a Lecture before this Institution every Wednesday Evening, at 7½ o'clock precisely. The course for the present season, as far as ascertained, is as follows:

Nov. 18, (Introductory) R. W. Emerson, Concord.
" 30, R. W. Emerson, Concord.
Dec. 7, James Richardson, Cambridge.
" 14, James Freeman Clarke, Boston.
" 19, (Extra lecture) Horace Greeley, N. York.
" 21, Wendell Phillips, Boston.
" 28, O. A. Brownson, Chelsea.
Jan. 4, Charles Lane, England.
" 11, M. B. Prichard, Concord.
" 18, John S. Keyes, Cambridge.
" 25, J. F. Barrett, Boston.
Feb. 1, C. T. Jackson, "
" 8, H. D. Thoreau, Concord.
" 15, Mr. Knapp, Lexington.
" 22, Edward Jarvis, Louisville.
March 1, E. H. Chapin, Charlestown.
" 8, Charles Bowers, Concord.
" 16, (Thursday) Henry Giles, Ireland.
" 22, Theodore Parker, Roxbury.
" 29, E. W. Bull, Concord.
" 30, Extra Lecture, R. W. Emerson, Concord.
April 5, George Bancroft, Boston.
" 12, Charles Lane, England.
" 19, Barzillai Frost, Concord, and Conversation.

" 26, R. W. Emerson, Concord.

All are invited to attend. By order of the Curators.
January 6, 1843. tf

THOREAUS IN THE EVANGELICAL MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF CONCORD

By the Editor

The following document, dated January 1, 1810, is in the safe of the Concord Free Public Library and is here reproduced with permission. (The women in Thoreau's family were crusaders——every cent of them!) The subscribers to the purposes of the Cent Society include this listing:

Phebe Ripley	Rebecca Thoreau	Sarah Ripley
Lydia Parkman	Abigail Kettle	Hannah E. Bliss
Sarah Merrick	Mary Kettle	Elizabeth
Abigal Minot	Deborah White	Thoreau
Mary Hurd	Millisent Wood	Jane Thoreau
Mercy Vose	Sarah Lee	Mary Thoreau
Betsy Wood	Mary Minot	Nancy Thoreau

Sarah Thoreau
Maria Thoreau
Mary Hurd Junr
Betsy G. Davis
Persis Davis
Martha Lee
Lucy Hunt
Lucy P. Fay
Abby B. Fay
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Milicent Jarvis
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Mary Heywood
Sarah Parkman
Sarah Wheeler
Rebecca Hubbard
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Dorcas Barrett
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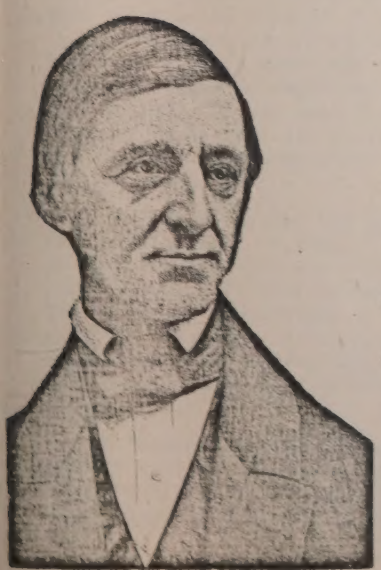


Concord January 1st 1810

To the friends of Religion.

A single cent, where millions are wanting to carry into effect the benevolent designs of our fathers and brethren, who are engaged in sending the gospel, and other religious advantages to those parts of our country, which are destitute, or but poorly provided, may at first view appear small and inconsiderable. But should the female friends of Christ and his religion adopt the plan of contributing only <u>one cent a week</u>! and recommend the same practice to their friends and connexions, it is presumed a very handsome sum may be annually collected, without inconvenience to individuals.

Inconformity to the above plan, we, the subscribers, engage to appropriate <u>one cent a week</u> for the purpose of aiding in the support of missionaries, and other instructors, and in buying Bibles & other religious and useful books, to be sent among the poor and destitute in our own country, and to give the same to the Evangelical Missionary Society in Massachusetts annually, or oftener, to be disposed of according to the professed views, and at the discretion of said Society.

A BRIEF GLANCE AT THE THOREAU SOCIETY

TO THE EMERSON SOCIETY FAMILY:

Back in 1940, when Prof. Walter Harding had been out of college for only one year and had begun to teach Freshman English in a small town in Western Massachusetts, he found his interest in Thoreau developing rapidly. The idea of a society strongly appealed to him, but his correspondents either did not think that the time was ripe for organizing or discouraged him completely. He eventually found the sympathetic ear of the Rev. Roland D. Sawyer, of Ware, a representative of that community in the State House. Sawyer wrote Prof. Harding that he had been dreaming for years of organizing an annual pilgrimage to Walden Pond and that if Prof. Harding would help him organize the first pilgrimage, he would help organize the Society. Prof. H. next presented the plan to a small Concord group that met occasionally under the leadership of Allen French to read Thoreau's works. They agreed to help, appointing Saturday, July 12, 1941 (the anniversary of Thoreau's birth) for the first pilgrimage to the Pond, to be followed by luncheon at the Colonial Inn and informal walks about the town in the afternoon. They also mailed mimeographed announcements to all the newspapers in the area and to seventy or eighty names of people whom Professor Raymond Adams thought might be interested. Three days before the scheduled gathering, Allen French telephoned Dr. H. to announce that fewer than ten reservations had been made for luncheon and to suggest that that the whole project be abandoned. Professor H. stood fast.

It rained "cats and dogs" on the morning of the twelfth, as Prof. H. drove to Walden Pond with the Reverend Mr. Sawyer. They saw through the rain drops a solitary figure---a Boy Scout---but he proved to be more than "spectatordom." He announced that the pilgrims had assembled in the D. A. R. House for protection from the elements. Dr. H. found that little building crowded with more than one hundred people!! Mr. Sawyer opened the meeting, calling upon eight or ten to speak informally of their interest in Henry. Since enthusiasm kept mounting as the minutes passed, they organized the Thoreau Society on the spot. Dr. Raymond Adams was elected president. (He held that office until 1955). Dr. Fred S. Piper, of Lexington, Mass., was elected vice-president. (He resigned several years later because of his age, but, though now in his eighties, is one of the most active members.) Professor Harding could not escape being given the hard job---that of secretary-treasurer. He had proved his mettle! (He has held that office from the beginning, except for two years during which he served his country. His substitute was T. Morris Longstreth, Esq.)

Professor H. issued the Thoreau Society Bulletin No. 1 in the fall of 1941. It consisted of two mimeographed sheets, with a circulation of approximately 150. Though published irregularly during World War II, it became a quarterly in 1944, when Prof. H. laid aside his uniform. It is now printed by off-set, has a circulation of nearly 500, and can boast of its 57th number (December, 1956). Its quality speaks for itself.

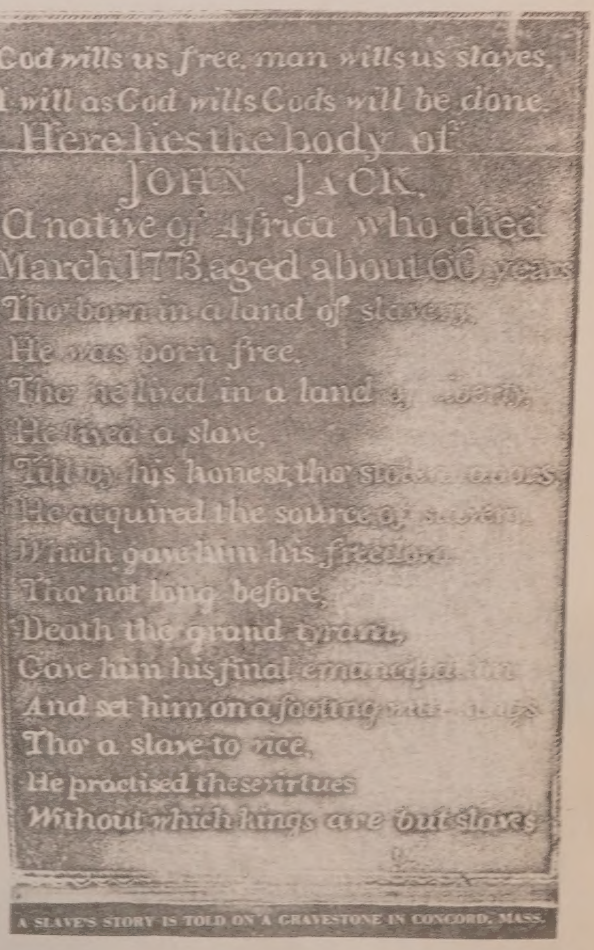
The Thoreau Society has occasionally issued booklets in addition to the Bulletin. One contains the informal talks given at the first annual meeting. Another reproduces Thoreau's college diploma. Others give May Alcott's sketches of Concord scenes, F. H. Allen's reminiscences of Thoreau's editors, and a facsimile of the "Thoreau Annex" to the Concord Freeman of the 1880's. Number eleven will be very important bibliographically---the result of Professor Harding's indefatigable journeyings after Thoreau's extant books. (Many of these booklets are still available to new members for a small sum.)

Annual meetings have been held in Concord each July since 1941, except for the two summers during the War. Among the speakers have been Edwin Way Teale, Walter Prichard Eaton, Willard Thorp, and J. Lyndon Shanley. Prof. Herbert Faulkner West was president of the Society for 1955-1956. Howard Zahniser is president this year. Mrs. Caleb Wheeler served as vice-president from 1943 to 1955. Mrs. Herbert Hosmer is her successor.

The Thoreau Society maintains an "archives" in the Concord Free Public Library---manuscripts and records, which include the correspondence between Sophia Thoreau and her cousin (Marianne Dunbar), a large herbarium collected by Sophia, the Francis H. Allen papers, and many other documents. Qualified students are permitted to examine these holdings.

E.W.C.

THOREAU KNEW THIS GRAVESTONE


God wills us free, man wills us slaves,
I will as God wills Gods will be done.
Here lies the body of
JOHN JACK.
A native of Africa who died
March 1773 aged about 60 years
Tho' born in a land of slavery,
He was born free.
Tho' he lived in a land of
He lived a slave.
Till by his honest, tho' [illegible]
He acquired the source of
Which gave him his freedom.
Tho' not long before,
Death the grand tyrant,
Gave him his final
And set him on a footing
Tho' a slave to vice,
He practised these virtues
Without which kings are but slaves

A SLAVE'S STORY IS TOLD ON A GRAVESTONE IN CONCORD, MASS.